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UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

TOWARD A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF HOPE

BY

MARLIS RAE KOZAK-KRUEGER

©

A THESIS

SUBMITTED TO THE FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES AND

RESEARCH IN PARTIAL FULFILMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS

FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF EDUCATION

IN COUNSELLING PSYCHOLOGY

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY

EDMONTON, ALBERTA

FALL, 1991

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FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES AND RESEARCH

The undersigned certify that they have read, and recommend to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research for acceptance, a thesis entitled "Toward a Better Understanding of Hope" submitted by Marlis Rae Kozak-Krueger in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Education in Counselling Psychology.

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Dr. Ronna Jevne (Supervisor)

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James Blakey
Dr. Janette Blakey

Date: September 19, 1991

This book is dedicated to
my family

DAD

Who has shown me that
there is sound in silence.
Though words about facing his challenges
were unspoken,
the message has been deafening.

MOM

My model in so many things,
for teaching me that it is possible
to be many things at the same time -
a professional and a parent,
a student and a teacher,
a mother and a friend

WADE

My brother and my childhood playmate,
for his fun, spontaneity,
and strength

GRAMMA ON THE FARM

For wool quilts, feather pillows,
canned raspberries, baked chicken,
home made bread, and summer holidays,
and for living a life of
independence, courage, and laughter
that I am proud of

GRAMMA IN THE CITY

Who introduced me to many of
the things I enjoy in life -
cooking, sewing, knitting, and gardening

BEN

My husband and my best friend,
for support, encouragement, and company
on this adventure

ABSTRACT

The importance of hope has been proclaimed throughout the ages and across the disciplines. Despite this, there exists a situation where: 1) research on hope has been neglected, 2) the little research done attempting to describe hope has concentrated on atypical groups of people, and 3) the deficit within existing hope literature lies in the area of a comprehensive and agreed-upon description based on research. The purpose of this study is to explore hope as experienced by a wide range of people and describe it in terms of its common elements. A variety of experiences of hope were collected in the form of narratives, and analyzed for common themes using the constant comparative method. Collection and analysis continued until saturation existed, resulting in fifteen participants and twenty-three hope stories. The common themes of hope identified in the narratives include: a challenge as the context of hope, a tendency to act and take control, goals, persistence in the face of obstacles, faith in the future, the lack of a negative attitude, a realistic sense of uncertainty, a sense of external support, and fulfilment of hope.

PROLOGUE

"Just remember, Marly, when the going gets tough, the tough get going."

I couldn't possibly count the number of times my dad has said those words to me over the years. Little did he know that he was giving me an introduction to my thesis. I didn't think about it much at the time, just nodded my head and agreed. Now that I look back, I can see how much those words have affected my outlook on life, my beliefs, and my way of dealing with obstacles. Those words taught me that giving up was not an option. They helped me develop a positive outlook. They suggested that I would always have the strength to fight. They showed me that I was in control of my future, if not the actual events, then the way I dealt with them. Those words taught me to hope.

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To the many people who told me their stories of hope though I was a stranger to many of them. They willingly opened their minds and their hearts to

share something that often had been painful. May they never lose their strength, their courage, and their hope.

Kites fly highest against the wind.

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O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.
George Matheson

INTRODUCTION

Background to the Study

The importance of hope has been proclaimed throughout the ages and across the disciplines. Traditionally, it has been a topic for theologians and philosophers. The Bible frequently urges people to put their hope in God and refers to hope as an anchor for the soul (Heb 6:19). Philosophers have discussed hope as a virtue. In more recent times, writers from other disciplines have taken an interest in hope. Nursing and medical professionals claim that hope strengthens physiological and psychological defense (Thurlow, 1967), thereby deterring illness (Staats, 1986) and influencing the immune system (Gottschalk, 1985). Psychiatrists and psychologists believe that hope has a positive influence on therapy and the general quality of life (Engel, 1968; Frank, 1975; Pierce, 1981). Group therapists have found hope to be an important curative factor in group counselling (Yalom, 1975). The absence of hope has even been correlated with an early death (Thurlow, 1967).

Despite how vital the presence of hope appears to be, however, it has been neglected in science and research (Dufault & Martocchio, 1985; McGee, 1984; Menninger, 1959; Miller & Powers, 1988; Putnam, 1967; Staats, 1986; Wright & Shontz, 1968).

The vast majority of current hope literature offers opinions on the nature of hope and relates relevant stories (Limandri & Boyle, 1978; Mehler & Argentieri, 1989; Mills, 1979; Vaillot, 1970). Most quantitative studies explore hope in relationship to other variables (Davis, 1985; Raundalen & Finney, 1986; Staats & Stassen, 1987). Very few researchers have set out to define or describe the experience (Hinds, 1984; Dufault & Martocchio, 1985; Wright & Shontz, 1968). Furthermore, much of the research that has been done in an attempt to describe hope is based on atypical populations such as cancer patients (Dufault & Martocchio, 1985; Nowotny, 1989; Owen, 1989), substance abusers (Hinds, 1984), and disabled children (Wright & Shontz, 1968). Consequently, a consensual description does not presently exist.

Many different definitions of hope are used in writing and research. Hope has been described as wishes that might come true (Wright & Shontz, 1968), defense against despair (Korner, 1970), a process of searching

and moving forward (Menninger, 1959), expectation of goal achievement (Erickson et al, 1975), anticipation of a good future (McGee, 1984), a confident yearning (Weiss, 1971), and a sense of the possible (Lynch, 1965). Hope has also been described as a negative state that encourages distance from reality (Korner, 1970), a vulnerable and undefended state (Tomko, 1985), and a negative force that is incompatible with the reality of impending death (Duncan & Rodney, 1978). Gustafson (1970), while recognizing positive attributes of hope, suggests that it can also be illusory, deceptive, and even demonic. The hope literature lacks an adequate description of the construct. Ensuring a sound understanding and definition, or description, of hope which can guide research is therefore important.

In summary, there exists a situation where: 1) research on hope has been neglected, 2) the little research done attempting to describe hope has concentrated on atypical groups of people, and 3) the deficit within existing hope literature lies in the area of a comprehensive and agreed-upon description based on research.

Purpose of the Study

The purpose of this study is to explore hope as

experienced by a wide range of people and describe it in terms of its common elements. The primary question to be addressed is: "What is the experience of hope?"

Overview of the Method

The researcher chose to conduct the study within the qualitative paradigm. The specific method used was difficult to decide upon. Directly asking people about hope resulted in stereotypical and intellectual responses, whereas it was the actual experience of hope that needed to be accessed. Based on three short attempts at inquiry on the researcher's part, which indicated that people tend to describe hope by telling personal stories about it, the researcher decided to study hope through narratives.

In keeping with the purpose of this research, a maximum variation sample was sought. The researcher intended to collect narratives until saturation of the data existed, when new stories simply supported previous findings. It was expected that this would occur at between five and fifteen people.

After the researcher obtained informed consent, each participant was asked to tell a story (or stories) of hope. If anyone experienced difficulty starting, guidelines were provided (Appendix C). The narratives

were analyzed using the constant comparative method (Glaser & Strauss, 1967), and common themes of hope were identified.

To ensure trustworthiness, the researcher used the four criteria described by Guba and Lincoln (1981, 1989): credibility, transferability, dependability, and confirmability.

Sensitizing Concepts

Personal experience and exposure to existing literature sensitized the researcher to the potential usefulness of the following questions:

1) Is there a pattern to the development of hope?
2) How is hope experienced in a family context?
3) How religious is the spiritual aspect of hope?
4) Are there differences between Christian and non-Christian hope?
5) How aware of the hoping process are those who hope?
6) How are people's experiences of hope different?
7) How are the different elements of hope related to each other?

Although the researcher was sensitized to listening for insight into these issues, it was assumed areas of new inquiry might emerge from the participants.

I argue not
Against Heaven's Hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart of hope, but still bear up
And steer right onward.

John Milton

A REVIEW OF THE LITERATURE

Introduction

Although many definitions of hope abound in the literature, common themes arise when explanations and descriptions are focused on rather than specific definitions. Writing regarding hope has focused on various aspects: the origins of hope, differences between hope and other phenomena, the value of hope, the qualities of hope, hope as a virtue, and hope's dimensions and degrees. This chapter will review the general topics and themes of hope that are discussed in the literature.

Origins of Hope

In his theory of development, Erikson (1982) proposes that hope is the strength that comes out of the first stage of development, trust vs. mistrust. As the first basic strength and the root of ego development, hope becomes nothing less than the basis for each subsequent developmental stage. Erikson believes that the origins of hope thus lie in the earliest stages of

childhood and the world views then acquired.

Hauerwas (1981) expressed the idea that virtues such as hope are based on history. Though expressed though personal narrative, virtues are founded in relationship with the community and embedded in the community's history. Thus, the origins of hope lie in a cumulative, communal past.

Other writers who discuss the origins of hope are basically in agreement, suggesting that hope arises and is enhanced by situations that are in some way threatening and have the potential to evoke a sense of despair (Marcel, 1963; Miller, 1985; Mills, 1979; Pruyser, 1987; Vaillot, 1970). "Hope happens because of the hopelessness in which man finds himself. Only those fully abused in the present can forcefully hope for a new future....Hope is born in despair" (Woodyard, 1972, p. 38). Some writers further suggest that these threatening situations must give rise to a sense of captivity or entrapment before hope can be experienced (Marcel, 1963; Miller, 1985; Miller & Powers, 1988; Proulx, 1972; Pruyser, 1987). When entrapment is recognized and accepted, hope becomes an active response that turns the crisis into an opportunity for growth. A few writers claim that hope can be stimulated simply when a change or

improvement in life situation is desired (Dufault & Martocchio, 1985; Miller & Powers, 1988), and that hope is therefore central in healthy as well as sick behaviour (Dufault & Martocchio, 1985).

Differences Between Hope and Other Phenomena

Pruyser (1987) suggests that "all kinds of dispositions and processes are undeservedly paraded under the terms hope and hoping" (p. 463). Descriptions of hope are coloured with diversity, perhaps because, as Gustafson (1970) claims, hope is not readily separated from other things.

Perhaps most often, hope is equated with desire and wishing (Korner, 1970; McGee, 1985; Wright & Shontz, 1968). The primary distinction between hope and desire is one of patience, hope being a state of active, yet patient, waiting, as opposed to often impatient desire (Marcel, 1967; Putnam, 1967). Wishing is different from hope in that it looks toward specific objects (Marcel, 1963), while hope is more abstract and for the general (Marcel, 1951; Vaillot, 1970). "Hope bursts the boundaries of our world and does not try to define the object of hope or set any criteria for it" (Meilaender, 1984, p. 43). Additionally, wishing and desire act from the "I" (Bertman, 1970), whereas the self is not

experienced as a strong action centre in hope (Genovesi, 1982; Pruyser, 1987). Perhaps the ultimate distinction between desire and hope is that "desire is to having what hope is to being" (Proulx, 1972, p. 59).

Optimism, while often used to describe hope, can be distinguished from hope by its superficiality (Vaillot,1970) and distance from reality (Marcel, 1963; Menninger, 1959). Hope, rather than being superficial, reflects a deeper concern for justice. "Optimism demands a belief in progress. Hope demands a belief in justice. It rests not so much in the future as in the past...the experience of order and contentment" (Lasch, 1990, p. 80-81).

Expectation and anticipation are often used as synonyms for hope (Downie, 1963; Dufrane & Leclair, 1984; Miller & Powers, 1988; Stotland, 1969), but research indicates that while they are part of hope, the experience goes beyond this (Dufault & Martocchio, 1985; Hinds, 1984; Korner, 1970). In faith, one believes and expects something to happen; in hope, one awaits the time it will come to be (Moltmann, 1965).

Qualities of Hope

Action Oriented

Several writers have recognized action as a central

theme in the experience of hope (Downie, 1963; Frank, 1968; Hinds, 1984; Lange, 1978; McGee, 1984; Menninger & Pruyser, 1963). The active element of hope is expressed in physical and mental activity, and is experienced as a motivating and energizing force (Dufault & Martocchio, 1985; Korner, 1970; McGee, 1984; Owen, 1989). Genovesi (1982) refers to hope as a "personal inner action" (p. 30). Qualitative research has supported the presence of an orientation to action in hope (Dufault & Martocchio, 1985; Owen, 1989; Stanley, 1978).

Goal Oriented

Goal setting plays an important part in the hoping process (Dufrane & Leclair, 1984; Erikson et al, 1975; Stotland, 1969). Owen's (1989) qualitative study identified goal setting as a theme of hope and further found that the goals set were attainable and amenable to change when the situation demanded.

Some writers have pointed out that goal setting reflects a deeper belief in personal choice and freedom (Dufrane & Leclair, 1984; McEniry, 1985; Pruyser, 1987), and also implies a belief in the possibility of change (Corey & Corey, 1982). Hope assumes the existence of a freedom to change and to become (Gustafson, 1970).

Future Oriented

Gustafson (1970) states that "hope usually looks to the future not as a threat to what it is, but as an open field of possibilities" (p. 536). An orientation to the future has been pointed to by writers and researchers alike as a critical element of hope (Dufault & Martocchio, 1985; Dufrane & Leclair, 1984; Hinds, 1984; Owen, 1989; Staats, 1986; Stanley, 1978). Wright and Shontz (1968) found that hope becomes increasingly future oriented with maturation, suggesting that hope may progress developmentally.

Those who hope look to the future as a time when things can change for the better (Dufrane & Leclair, 1984; Korner, 1970; Mehler & Argentieri, 1989). This is supported by Staats and Stassen (1987) who found people's future life expectations consistently exceeded present quality of life. Belief in future change rests on the perception of reality as an open-ended process where events unfold rather than simply occur (Pruyser, 1987). This optimistic future outlook helps motivate and guide people through crisis situations (Dufrane & Leclair, 1984). "Hope is a way of transcending the present moment, of moving through present difficulties, and of continually deciding to move into the future" (Genovesi,

1982, p. 26).

Spiritual

Spirituality has been pointed to as an important aspect of hope. Some describe spirituality as religion and faith in God (Marcel, 1967; McEniry, 1985; Putnam, 1967; Pruyser, 1987), whereby belief in God's eternal presence gives people the strength to hope. Pruyser (1987) and Genovesi (1982) suggest that the belief in an active benevolent being that cares for individuals and has the power to shape reality allows people to hope. Marcel (1967) further claims that hope is ultimately grounded in God and is experienced most fully by Christians. This would mean that before hope can truly be experienced, one must have faith in the certainty of salvation, the promise at the root of Christian hope (Alfaro, 1970; Genovesi, 1982). Other writers refer to spirituality as a feeling of outside support that can be relied upon when personal resources are exhausted (Lynch, 1965; Vaillot, 1970).

Research has identified religious and spiritual strength as one of the central themes of hope (Obayuwana & Carter, 1982). Raundalen and Finney (1986), while examining children's views of the future, noted that children reflecting hope also expressed a deep belief in

the "forces for good."

Hope as a Virtue

Philosophers and theologians have spoken of hope as a virtue (Erikson, 1963; MacIntyre, 1981; Meilaender, 1984; Pieper, 1966). To understand hope as a virtue, one must first know the meaning of virtue. Virtues are character traits that influence how people interpret and react to events in life (Meilaender, 1984). They continually develop with the rest of the personality and eventually become habitual. Virtues become part of our ordinary habitual behaviours, and can thus be seen in everyday experiences as well as moments of uncertainty. When faced with dilemmas, virtues naturally and habitually become part of the response. Thus, a virtue is essentially a good habit (Meilaender, 1984; Misra, 1963; Sherif, 1975).

As a virtue, hope is part of ordinary experiences. It can be seen in the way people greet a new day, deal with small problems, and face great difficulties. If a person habitually interprets and reacts to ordinary events with hope, it is also with hope that agonizing experiences will be faced. Hope as a virtue becomes a habitual way of perceiving and responding.

Dimensions of Hope

Dufault and Martocchio (1985) produced one of the more comprehensive descriptions of hope. In their study, six dimensions of hope were identified: affective, cognitive, behavioral, affiliative, temporal, and contextual.

The affective dimension of hope, also pointed to by others (Dufrane & Leclair, 1984; Korner, 1970; McGee, 1984; Staats, 1986; Stanley, 1978; Wright & Shontz, 1968), is expressed through feelings and emotions. Since the exact emotions vary between people, none in particular characterize hope. Feelings experienced are typically tied to uncertainty or confidence about the future and its significance.

The thought processes that accompany hope exemplify its cognitive dimension. Those who hope continually assess reality and identify factors to support and promote hope. Perception of reality and identification of hope objects are also part of the cognitive dimension. The cognitive dimension of hope has been recognized by other writers (Dufrane & Leclair, 1984; Menninger, 1959; Staats, 1986; Wright & Shontz, 1968).

Hope's behavioral dimension is centred around action. Those who hope act when they are motivated to

better achieve their goals. Actions are either psychological, physical, social, or religious. Menninger (1959) agrees that hope has a behavioral aspect.

Relationships with other people, God, and other living things characterize the affiliative dimension of hope. Although this dimension is not identified as such by others, some do point out that those who hope reach out to other people and are involved in caring relationships (Lynch, 1965; Marcel, 1963; Stanley, 1978; Vaillot, 1970). Buckley (1977) states that experiencing the true presence of another is the primary way to access deeper hope.

The temporal dimension of hope focuses on the experience of time. Emphasis is placed primarily on the present and the future. Hope tends to not be time-specific, serving as a protective device. Several other writers and researchers have noticed the future-oriented nature of hope (Dufrane & Leclair, 1984; Hinds, 1984; Owen, 1989; Staats, 1986).

The contextual dimension of hope focuses on the life situations that hope is experienced in and influenced by. Situations affect people's hope differently, depending on their perceptions, interpretations, and responses.

The Power of Hope

Mental, physical, and spiritual health-care professionals from various disciplines have recognized hope's potential in people's lives. "Hope reflects the working of the life instinct in its constant battle against the various forces that add up to self-destruction" (Menninger, 1959, p. 485-6). In the midst of troubling situations, hope defends people against despair and empowers them to use hardship as a means of personal growth (Korner, 1970; Miller, 1985; Vaillot, 1970). Those who hope are able to face hardship, become comfortable with it, and even accept it as an important part of themselves (Mills, 1979; Owen, 1989). At the same time, however, a nonacceptance of what appears to be inevitable is exhibited (Korner, 1970; Mills, 1979; Vaillot, 1970).

With hope, it is possible to see beyond present difficulties and instead focus on future possibilities (Korner, 1970; Putnam, 1967). The future is seen as the time when growth induced by crisis can become a reality (Mills, 1979). Hope thus empowers people to endure experiences that have the power to push them to despair.

The Hoping Attitude

Patience, modesty, and humility are characteristic of the hoping attitude, as opposed to self-importance or narcissism (Genovesi, 1982; Menninger, 1959; Pruyser, 1987; Putnam, 1967; Vaillot, 1970). Hope is not specifically for the individual and does not impose rigid conditions on the hoped-for (Lynch, 1965; Pruyser, 1987; Putnam, 1967). It is not a wish for things to return to normal (Vaillot, 1970). Instead, hope reflects concern for others and focuses on the general and abstract (Bertman, 1970; Marcel, 1963; Pruyser, 1987; Vaillot, 1970). It may, for example, focus on global or existential concerns for other people. Metz (1967) illustrates this by describing Christian hope as being for the future of the whole world. Hope brings meaning and purpose to life (Bertman, 1970; Frank, 1968; Frankl, 1962; Hickey, 1986), which Owen (1989) identified as an important element of hope.

"In hope, one is simultaneously part of the experience and beyond it" (Mills, 1979, p. 52). Stanley (1978) found that the quality of transcendence is a common element in the hoping experience. It is through transcending that those who hope are able to reach out to others (Vaillot, 1970) and thereby deepen their sense of

hope (Buckley, 1977).

Research indicates that an optimistic, positive outlook is also part of the hoping attitude (Obayuwana & Carter, 1982; Owen, 1989). This outlook allows future possibilities to be seen and encourages belief in personal choice (Lynch, 1965; Proulx, 1972; Raundalen & Finney, 1986).

Hope and Reality

Wright and Shontz (1968) found that the major difference between hope of children and adults was the degree to which reality was considered. Children's hope is not grounded in reality. With age, people begin to realize that in order to actualize hope, it must have a realistic basis. However, when reality threatens hope, it is appraised only periodically and may be indefinitely ignored. Surveying reality is a necessary action because it can support and lay the foundation for hope.

Writers agree that examining reality is part of hope, and that hope is not simply denial (Dufault & Martocchio, 1985; Korner, 1970; Putnam, 1967). "Coating reality with hope does not mean living in a world of unreality" (Wright, 1983, p. 216). From the perspective of the hoping person, hope is based on reality. The basis for hope is in people's interpretations of reality

and is in this way a product of perception (Dufault & Martocchio, 1985; McGee, 1984; Pruyser, 1987).

Hope as a Negative?

Not all people believe that hope is good. Putnam (1967) has collected some of the less positive ways that hope has been described: a wrong guide (Lord Halifax), a more gentle name for fear (L. Landon), and the worst of evils (F. Nietzsche). Tomko (1985) describes hope as a vulnerable state that opens the way to disappointment, frustration, and abandonment.

Hope requires energy, and sometimes uses more energy than facing reality would (McGee, 1984; Tomko, 1985). Hope is seen as idealism or denial that can hurt adjustment and decrease contact with reality (Dufrane & Leclair, 1984; Korner, 1970). Some feel that rather than instilling hope, nurses should help relieve patients and families of the burden of hope so they can better deal with reality (Duncan & Rodney, 1978; Tomko, 1985).

Degrees of Hope

Hope appears to be a dynamic experience that can exist in varying degrees among people (Proulx, 1972; Silberfeld, 1981). It may even develop through progressive stages (Wright & Shontz, 1968).

McGee (1984) identifies five different degrees of

hope: unrealistic hopefulness, realistic coping, fragile coping, chronic fear, and unjustified hopelessness. Those experiencing unrealistic hopefulness believe that they are invulnerable. Realistic copers assess their situations practically and accept problems while maintaining a positive outlook and confidence in themselves. Fragile copers experience hope and despair alternately with situational changes and are uncertain about the future. People in the chronic fear category need much reassurance to maintain hope, but still primarily experience despair. Those experiencing unjustified hopelessness feel entrapped and helpless, and have a pessimistic and deterministic view of the future.

Hinds (1984) claims that hope exists in a continuum consisting of four levels: forced effort, personal possibilities, expectation of a better tomorrow, and anticipation of a personal future. People artificially force themselves to have a positive outlook and later actually see other possibilities. They then become future-oriented in a more general way and gradually move towards identifying specific future possibilities.

Dufault and Martocchio (1985) identified two spheres of hope: particularized and generalized. Generalized hope is broad and looks generally toward an optimistic

future, while particularized hope is directed to a specific hope object and is an incentive for action. These two spheres of hope are related in that generalized hope protects people against despair when their particularized hope is not met or threatened. On the other hand, particularized hope can serve as a diversion when generalized hope is threatened. Thus, these two degrees of hope work together to sustain people through disappointment and difficulty.

Genovesi (1982) discusses two types of hope. The first has to do with the ordinary hopes of everyday life. The second type of hope is deeper and "enfolds itself around the very heart of human existence."

Summary

A review of the literature reveals many themes considered characteristic of hope. Writers seem to have chosen to focus on one corner of hope in their work. Some have chosen to discuss its origin, others its importance, and still others its particular characteristics. Taken together, these writings help piece together the puzzle of hope. Needed now is research that focuses on describing the whole experience of hope to support or refute these aspects and point to yet unseen areas.

A simple man believes every word he hears; a clever man understands the need for proof. (Proverbs 14:15)

METHODOLOGY

Introduction

Although it may be difficult to develop, a description of hope is needed. Jevne (1990) challenges the academic community to "find ways to investigate what is important, in contrast to the tendency to make important that which we have been able to investigate" (p. 26). The purpose of this chapter is to discuss how to best address the question, "What is the experience of hope?" Topics to be considered include: research methods, sampling, data collection and analysis, trustworthiness, and ethical considerations.

Why Qualitative?

At a time when quantitative research is criticized for shaping the focus of study and being inflexible (Searight, 1989; Van Manen, 1990), qualitative research methods are increasingly appreciated (Glaser & Strauss, 1966; Porter & Potenza, 1983; Ruckdeschel, 1985; Sandelowski, 1986; Swanson & Chenitz, 1982; Van Hesteren, 1986; Woolsey, 1986). Qualitative methods are especially recognized in the human sciences since they aim to understand and describe phenomena, rather than explain,

and are better able to explore human experience (Bryman, 1984; Porter & Potenza, 1983; Swanson & Chenitz, 1982; Van Manen, 1990).

Qualitative research methods are particularly advisable for certain situations: 1) when researching a fairly unexplored topic about which little is known (Bryman, 1984; Field & Morse, 1985; Swanson & Chenitz, 1982); 2) when there is much information on a topic, but it is based on assumptions and opinions rather than research (Field & Morse, 1985); 3) when attempting to build a framework or uncover new insights for further investigation (Adams, 1982; Bryman, 1984; Porter & Potenza, 1983); and 4) when concerned with the way a phenomena is experienced (Neimeyer & Resnikoff, 1978). Since all four of these conditions apply to hope and the purposes of this study, the researcher chose to address the research question within the qualitative paradigm.

Possible Qualitative Methods

Human science researchers "have continuously struggled with the question of appropriate methods for dealing with their subject matter" (Polkinghorne, 1983, p. 15). Numerous methods exist, and no single procedure characterizes qualitative research. Each researcher must choose the method that best suits the topic of

investigation (Neimeyer & Resnikoff, 1978; Van Manen, 1990).

Due to the elusive nature of hope and the many ways it has been construed, simply asking people about hope is not an effective way of studying it. Researchers who have done this admittedly obtained "responses...offered intellectually as mere synonyms of hope" rather than "deep personal meanings associated with the word" (Obayuwana & Carter, 1982, p. 231). Having briefly attempted the same, this researcher confirmed their experience. Thus, a way was sought to access people's experiences with hope. Because of their focus on personal experience, biographical methods and narratives appeared to be promising ways to explore hope.

Biographical Methods

Biographical methods attempt to elicit relevant personal experiences in order to gain understanding of a phenomenon (Denzin, 1989). The critical incident technique and interpreting life stories, two similar biographical methods, both seemed potentially useful in exploring the experience of hope to generate a description.

Obtaining thorough descriptions of pivotal life experiences is the focus of the critical incident

technique (Woolsey, 1986). Participants are asked to recall relevant personal experiences based on criteria specified by the researcher. It is vital that the researcher precisely specifies the type of incidents desired to ensure quality of the data. The critical incident technique is particularly useful when doing foundational and exploratory work (Woolsey, 1986) and attempting to generate a detailed description of a domain (Anderson & Nilsson, 1964).

Life stories are thorough descriptions of remembered experiences that illustrate the topic of concern (Alexander, 1988). They differ from critical incidents in that they need not describe pivotal life experiences.

Narratives

Narratives, like life stories, are stories that illustrate a phenomenon. After the participant has related the story, the researcher can ask questions to elaborate and introduce new topics (Schutze, 1980). Narratives differ from stories obtained through biographical methods in that they may be fictional, factual, or a combination of the two (Hedberg & Stoel-Gammon, 1986). Emphasis is placed on actually telling a story rather than simply relating an event.

The Researcher's Dilemma

While searching for the most appropriate way to research hope, people were consulted in three different ways. First, the researcher simply asked people about hope. They responded intellectually yet admitted confusion as to the nature of hope. Some indicated that they remembered experiencing hope, but found it difficult to describe hope itself. Second, the researcher asked people what she would have to ask them about in order to understand the way they experience hope. Intellectual descriptions were completely bypassed. Instead, people referred to times when things were out of their control, times when they felt they couldn't go on, and times when there was nothing left to do but hope. After such phrases, they moved straight into a story about such a time. Third, the researcher's supervisor did an exercise in an undergraduate counselling course, asking the students to describe hope by talking about things such as "a person", "a decision you made", "a book you read", and "a special time in your life." The students warmed to the exercise quickly and identified relevant experiences in the form of short stories.

In all three of these attempts at inquiry, people demonstrated a desire to relate their experiences in the

form of stories. Because of this affinity to storytelling, it was decided that experiences of hope would be collected in the form of narratives.

Selecting Storytellers

Samples should be chosen based on the purpose of a study (Chenitz & Swanson, 1986; Field & Morse, 1985; Lincoln & Guba, 1985). The purpose of this research, to identify the invariant themes of hope, could best be met by using maximum variation sampling (Lincoln & Guba, 1985; Morse, 1989; Rosenwald, 1988; Van Manen, 1984), which is purposely selecting people expected to have different experiences. Sampling in this way also increases the generalizability of the results (Field & Morse, 1985; Woolsey, 1986). Effort was made to include people of different ages, economic status, cultural backgrounds, religions, and races. See Table 1 for information regarding the participants.

Table 1

Table of Participants

Participant	Age	Marital Status	Country of Birth	Religion
Justine	24	Married	U.S.	Lutheran
Hannah	40's	Divorced	Canada	None
Daniel	44	Married	Canada	Pentecostal
Kevin	27	Married	Canada	Protestant
John	49	Married	Canada	Lutheran
Louise	45	Married	Canada	Lutheran
Scott	83	Married	Canada	None
Michael	78	Married	Canada	Christian
Lena	79	Married	Canada	Christian
Shane	43	Divorced	Canada	Evangelist
Robert	39	Single	Canada	Christian
Christine	36	Married	Canada	Protestant
Olivia	43	Divorced	Canada	Baptist
Dave	23	Single	Canada	Protestant
Simon	25	Married	Canada	Agnostic

Those chosen to participate in research should have experienced the phenomenon of interest and be able to communicate their experiences in some way (Morse, 1989; Rosenwald, 1988; Stones, 1985). It was decided that if participants were accidentally interviewed who did not meet these criteria, as determined by colleagues, their information would not be included in the process of data analysis. Dropping unsatisfactory participants, referred to as secondary selection (Morse, 1989), is necessary to maintain quality of the data. Secondary selection was exercised in the case of one participant who indicated that he would record his story and provide the researcher with the audio tape. The story was recorded with two other people in the room, and was often interrupted with comments, questions, and laughter. Since this served to break apart the narrative, which was studiously avoided in all other stories, this story was not included in data analysis.

There are no hard rules for the number of participants to be used in qualitative research, but the tendency is to collect data until saturation, when information collected becomes redundant (Glaser & Strauss, 1966; Lincoln & Guba, 1985; Woolsey, 1986). As this generally seems to happen between five and fifteen

participants, it was assumed that this would also be the case for this study. In fact, fifteen people participated and twenty-three hope stories were collected.

Lincoln & Guba (1985) suggest that when choosing participants one at a time, it is possible to purposely obtain variable information, focus in on some area, and fill in weak spots. Thus, the researcher intended to do so in this study. To ensure, however, that data collection was not determined by one participant, three people were initially interviewed.

In accordance with maximum variation sampling, participants were asked to describe people the researcher might seek out in order to obtain very different stories, although not all were able to answer this question. People fitting some of these descriptions were then sought as participants. Two types of people were sought without success as participants who potentially would tell different stories. The first type of person was described as someone who doesn't like to help other people. Four people fitting this description were contacted, two by the researcher and two by other people. All declined participation. The second type of person was described as a pessimist and negative thinker.

Again, four people fitting this description were contacted and all declined participation.

In summary, three initial participants were chosen. Based on their information, subsequent participants were selected in an effort to obtain a variety of experiences. It was decided that if any of the participants were determined to be unsuitable subjects, they would be dropped from the study. This process was continued until saturation was reached.

Morse (1986) proposes that research samples be tested for appropriateness and adequacy. A sample is appropriate if it has been chosen according to the purpose of the study and has been modified, if needed, during the collection process. To meet the criterion of adequacy, samples must produce sufficient, relevant, and complete data. Saturation automatically implies adequacy. Since variation sampling was chosen to suit the purpose of this study, and since data are to be collected until saturation is reached, it appeared as though this sample would be both appropriate and adequate. These criteria were reexamined throughout data collection and analysis to ensure that they were being met.

Data Collection

Collecting Narratives

Previous researchers have some suggestions for eliciting experiences and narratives. First, participants should focus on and relate one specific incident (Alexander, 1988; Van Manen, 1990; Woolsey, 1986). Second, people tend to find talking easier than writing (Van Manen, 1990), and can become closer to their experiences this way (Beshai, 1975; Ramanyshyn, 1975). Third, providing storytellers with stimuli to get them started is useful (Hedberg & Stoel-Gammon, 1986) and allows variable stories to be gathered within a comparable framework (May, 1989). These suggestions support the way in which the narratives were collected.

The Interview

Approximately one hour was spent with each participant the researcher met with. Interviews were conducted in quiet settings where interruptions were unlikely. The researcher took time to ensure that adequate rapport and trust existed between her and participants. Participants were told that the researcher was interested in studying hope and wanted to collect people's stories about hope. Any questions raised by the participants were answered. The researcher obtained

relevant personal information (Appendix A) and explained the consent form (Appendix B). When sufficient rapport existed, the interview shifted toward collecting the narrative.

Participants were asked to tell a story of hope. If they had problems getting started, a stimulus was provided. The stimulus provided guidelines regarding the topic of the story: a) a person, b) a special time in your life, c) a decision you made, d) a book you read, or e) a struggle you have had (Appendix C). During the telling of the narrative, the researcher kept it going when necessary through the use of active listening skills, saving specific questions for afterwards (Schutze, 1980). More than one story was collected from six participants who wanted to share another experience.

Data Analysis

Looking at data analysis apart from collection is somewhat of a false differentiation since they occur simultaneously in qualitative research and are not easily separated (Kvale, 1983; Swanson-Kauffman, 1986; Van Manen, 1990). While data collection focuses on obtaining information, the purpose of data analysis is to organize the information in a meaningful way (Brink, 1989; Porter & Potenza, 1983; Woolsey, 1986). The constant

comparative method (Glaser & Strauss, 1967), used to analyze the narratives collected, has the potential to identify the invariant themes and patterns of hope.

The constant comparative method works in the following manner:

1) The narratives are broken into units that can stand on their own and express one aspect of the experience.

2) Units that "feel alike" are placed into rough categories. Before a new incident is placed in a category, it is compared to other units in the category to determine whether or not it fits. Each category is named according to its basic theme and boundaries for the categories are set. The aim is to make the categories internally homogeneous and externally heterogeneous (Lincoln & Guba, 1985).

3) Once all units are in rough categories, each category is carefully examined in order to define it more tightly and develop subcategories. Again, units are carefully compared to ensure they fit developing subcategories.

4) The emerging categories obtained from each narrative are compared to determine which of them are common to the experience.

When applied to the hope narratives, it was hoped that this method would result in a description of hope

according to its common themes.

An Emerging Design

As the process of data collection and analysis unfolded, it became evident that minor methodological changes could potentially enhance the study and enrich the findings. In quantitative research, altering the design of a study is rightly viewed as a threat to reliability. In qualitative research, however, such methodological changes are "expected products of an emergent design dedicated to increasingly sophisticated constructions" and "hallmarks of a maturing - and successful - inquiry" (Guba & Lincoln, 1989, p. 242). These changes should be described and explained to ensure that they were logical and methodologically sound.

Collection

One of the aims of this research was diversity in participants and stories. Although not originally planned, methods of obtaining stories also varied, the purpose being to allow participants to experience both control and comfort in the telling of their stories. Each of the first three participants, independently and of their own volition, expressed a preference about the telling of their stories. Respectfully, their wishes were acknowledged and honored. Thus, the stories were

collected in a variety of ways from a variety of people about a variety of topics. People communicated their stories both verbally and in writing. Some chose to have the researcher present during the telling of the story, while others wanted to do this alone and simply give the researcher the audio tape. Some participants reflected on their stories or the nature of hope after story telling. Stories varied in length from one-half page to six pages. Stories were based on personal experiences of hope, other people's experiences, and the actual feeling of hope.

Participants were told that the researcher wished to describe them briefly before printing their stories and asked how they would like themselves presented. Most participants gave a brief description of themselves and some background information about experiences that shaped their personalities and understanding of hope. Others declined this offer and allowed the researcher to present them. Attempts were thus made to give the story tellers control over their stories and personal information.

Analysis

When analysis of the first story collected began, it was divided into phrases or sentences, which can be thought of as meaning units. Each of these phrases was

given a descriptive name, meant to be the start of a category or theme. However, it soon became evident that proceeding in this manner relied too heavily on the researcher's interpretation and knowledge, and not enough on the person's experience itself. It seemed that this procedure resulted in straying from the true meaning of the story. This procedure was thus abandoned quickly during the analysis of the first story. Starting over, each phrase was placed on a separate strip of paper. These were then sorted into piles of phrases that seemed to be expressing similar ideas. This was basically an attempt to identify the themes within the story without actually naming them. After the first sorting was completed, the piles were reviewed, changes were made, and new piles were sometimes formed. Finally, rough descriptive names were given to the piles. This became the method of analysis used for the first seven stories. For subsequent stories, after several potential themes had been identified and it became evident that certain types of phrases belonged to certain themes, themes were identified directly from the phrases. As encouraged in qualitative research, stories were reexamined at times to look for themes which had not previously been obvious, especially when these themes were evident in most other

stories.

Stories of "No Hope"

When trying to understand the nature of a construct such as hope, it is often helpful to identify characteristics which are not part of the experience as well as describing those that are. One participant (Louise) voiced this belief and volunteered a story of "no hope" in her efforts to describe hope itself. Although all subsequent participants were asked to tell a story of "no hope", such stories were collected from only three more participants. People admittedly found these stories much more difficult to think of and tell. Only one of the stories was based on personal experience, with the remainder concerning other people. Thus, four participants provided negative examples of hope in the form of stories about people they knew who experienced little hope and descriptions of what an absence of hope is like.

Trustworthiness

It is essential to be able to demonstrate the credibility of research findings. The criteria used to do so in quantitative research, however, are not applicable to qualitative research because "subject selection, data gathering and data analysis are conducted

in different ways and for different purposes" (Field & Morse, 1985, p. 116). Thus, human science researchers have had to develop their own standards to ensure rigorous research. Guba and Lincoln (1981, 1989) have outlined four criteria with which to evaluate the trustworthiness of qualitative research: credibility, transferability, dependability, and confirmability. These four criteria were designed to parallel the conventional criteria of internal validity, external validity, reliability, and objectivity. It was according to these standards that this research was guided and evaluated. Meeting them helps persuade others that the findings are worthy of attention (Lincoln & Guba, 1985).

Credibility

Credibility refers to the truth value of research findings. "A qualitative study is credible when it presents such faithful descriptions or interpretations of a human experience that the people having that experience would immediately recognize it from those descriptions and interpretations as their own" (Sandelowski, 1986, p. 30).

What was done to ensure credibility of this study's findings? First, the researcher made use of triangulation, collecting several people's experiences,

in an attempt to bring more perspectives to the study of hope (Lincoln & Guba, 1985; Miller & Fredericks, 1987; Searight, 1989). Attempts were made to vary race, cultural background, religion, economic status, and age of both participants and people reading the final description of hope. People of different types of experiences were sought. The types of participants were reviewed often to ensure that the sample was appropriate to the purposes of the study. That is, the variability of the sample was examined and participants were sought accordingly.

Second, the researcher attempted to collect negative case examples that did not fit interpretations by examining widely differing cases (Lincoln & Guba, 1985; Sandelowski, 1986).

Third, the researcher periodically discussed the project with people who were not involved in the process to openly examine biases and problems (Lincoln & Guba, 1985).

Fourth, although presented here with the others, two of the collected narratives (Robert, Dave) were set aside for later comparison to the final results to ensure that their themes simply confirmed the final description of hope and no new themes were introduced (Lincoln & Guba,

1985).

Fifth, the thematic outline tables, presenting the themes of each story and supporting phrases, were examined by two people who were not familiar with the topic of hope. Thus, analysis of the data was reviewed by people who could check on the appropriateness of the thematic analysis, examining the placement of each phrase (Brink, 1989; Field & Morse, 1985; Lincoln & Guba, 1985). The first person indicated that she agreed with the analysis on the whole. She said that she "would read a part of the story and guess which theme it would fit in...every time, we were in complete agreement." The second person said that the "categories are accurate on the whole" and the "areas defined themselves very well." Both people suggested some changes in the placement of occasional phrases. These statements were re-examined and appropriate changes were made when warranted. Neither mentioned the discovery of any new themes.

Last, the obtained description of hope was shared with several people, not the participants, to determine whether it resonated with their own experiences of hope (Field & Morse, 1985; Lincoln & Guba, 1985).

Transferability

To increase the transferability, or generalizability, of these research findings, data was collected until saturation was reached, when new narratives simply confirmed previous themes and interpretations. Saturation has been recognized as "the key to generalization" (Bertaux & Kohli, 1984, p. 226). Additionally, the sample used was extremely variable and encompasses many different contexts and situations (Lincoln & Guba, 1985).

Dependability

Qualitative research is said to be dependable if the research process is dependable and the results are supported by the data. Other researchers should be able to follow the process used and obtain comparable results given the same data (Sandelowski, 1986). The researcher kept a journal throughout this project describing decisions made and the reasoning behind them, resulting in a clear "decision trail" regarding sampling, analysis, and presentation of results (Lincoln & Guba, 1985; Ruckdeschel, 1985; Sandelowski, 1986). Having more than one person analyze the narratives also lends to the dependability of findings. Additionally, the researcher was responsive to difficulties with the original research

method chosen and initiated minor methodological changes. Guba and Lincoln (1989) indicate that such changes do not threaten the trustworthiness of qualitative research, and instead are expected signs of a maturing study (p. 242).

Confirmability

This criterion was designed to ensure that findings are separate from the values and biases of the researcher, and are rooted in the data. A study is confirmable if the findings are a true reflection of the data even though the process of collection and analysis was subjective.

The very nature of data collection and analysis in this study speaks for its confirmability. By collecting stories of hope uninterruptedly, effort was made to give participants control over their data. The facets of the experiences conveyed were chosen by participants themselves and consequently identified as important aspects of hope within that experience. During story telling, the researcher did not interrupt to ask leading questions regarding the nature of hope and the possible presence of certain themes in the experience. Thus, the method of data collection used ensured that the data was not a reflection of the researcher's values, motives, or biases.

The researcher analyzed the stories as told without omitting sections or phrases that could be seen as potential negative examples. Other than removing repeated words and vocal pauses (uh, um), stories were analyzed in their original forms. The data presented in this research is the data as given by participants. This ensures that the findings were derived from the data as given by participants, rather than the data the researcher deemed important and used. Thus, data analysis was conducted in such a way to ensure confirmability and objectivity of the findings.

Additionally, stories of "no hope" were also collected and analyzed, and the themes of these stories were compared to the themes of the stories of hope. The differences between these themes, and the absence of several themes of hope in the "no hope" stories, become evidence that the description of hope obtained from the stories is characteristic of hope itself as opposed to story telling or narrative techniques.

Finally, if a study meets the criteria of credibility, transferability, and dependability, it has achieved confirmability, and the findings are considered neutral.

Ethical Considerations

The personal nature of qualitative research necessitates guidelines to ensure the research is carried out in an ethical manner. This typically implies that participants have given informed consent. Informed consent means that the participants: 1) are aware of the nature of the study, 2) are aware of any risks or benefits involved, 3) are able to ask questions before giving consent, and 4) have the option to withdraw at any time (Field & Morse, 1985; Lincoln & Guba, 1985). The researcher explained this information through a consent form based on an example from Field and Morse (1985) and asked participants to sign it (Appendix B).

Researchers working within the qualitative paradigm have the ethical responsibility to respect participants and be worthy of their trust. Participants were allowed to tell their stories in their own ways and in their own time. Audio tapes were available only to the researcher and erased immediately after transcription. Participants' names were altered on the typed protocols. Participants were assured of confidentiality, but asked to allow the researcher to include their stories in the body of this thesis.

He knows not his own strength that hath not met adversity. Heaven prepares good men with crosses.

(Ben Jonson)

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR STORIES

Introduction

The aim of this thesis is to explore the experience of hope as experienced by a wide range of people and describe it in terms of its common elements. After listening to people's stories, it became evident that by simply identifying themes and using appropriate quotations, the special uniqueness of and personality within each story would be lost. Similarly, relying solely on a detailed table of sentences and themes for each story would not only fail to do justice to the nature of the data, but also break apart whole experiences. Some space has thus been devoted to describing the people who agreed to be a part of this research and to simply conveying their stories of hope. To ensure anonymity, names and identifying details have been changed or omitted. While personal reflections after story telling have been omitted, the stories themselves are presented in their original form to capture the personalities of the story tellers and the flavours and integrity of the stories themselves. The

purpose of this chapter is to present the stories of hope and thematic analyses in a way that does justice to the participants and the nature of the data. For each participant, the following section contains a personal description, stories of hope, and a thematic analysis of the stories.

The Stories

One of the aims of this research was diversity in participants and stories. Stories were collected in a variety of ways from a variety of people about a variety of topics. Despite this seeming diversity, however, there is similarity between the stories themselves in terms of make-up and progression. Almost each story had a beginning, middle, and end. Most progressed from introducing some obstacle or goal to describing under what conditions and in what way it was overcome. All the stories involved some crisis, struggle, or problem. Though participants expressed an awareness that hope is experienced continually, as opposed to only in crisis situations, their stories suggest that it may be easiest to describe in the context of a struggle.

Hannah

Hannah was originally introduced to this research while the most appropriate way to research hope was being considered. She was one of the people consulted regarding the nature of hope and what the researcher would have to ask about in order to understand the experience of hope. At this time, Hannah indicated that she did not believe in hope, but believed instead in courage. Nonetheless, she considered this topic in a searching manner and communicated her experiences, thoughts, and feelings freely. Hannah was subsequently asked to tell a story of hope. She felt that this task would depend on her mood, and decided to tape record her story at her own convenience and give the tape to the researcher. When asked what type of person would tell a very different story, Hannah described this person as analytical, "thinking" as opposed to "feeling", organized, and "not in the least bit intuitive."

Hannah is a divorced woman in her 40's with three children. She grew up in what she described as an unhealthy family, has faced many personal struggles in her life, and describes it as an uphill journey. Her story is a metaphor of her own growth on this journey:

I came out of an unhappy and unhealthy family

background, and somewhere along the line I had to go back and do some major reconstruction. I think I was desperate, and just felt that this had to be done. And it took a long time. And it was painful. I remember when it started. I was looking out the window and I remember saying, "God help me", and I don't believe in God. There is one point that I recall that was probably near the end of that time of rebuilding when I came to an impasse. If you like, you can think of it as having climbed mountains. And the first mountain I climbed I believed that when I got to the top, everything would be okay and I would be finished, healthy, whole. And I remember the despair when I got to the top and realized that that was only one mountain and there was another to climb. And so I started again. And I climbed the next mountain. And I think that while climbing the next mountain, I at least had the awareness that there was the possibility that there would be another mountain behind this one. And there was, so there wasn't quite the despair. There wasn't the expectation to be whole when I got to the top of that mountain. And so I climbed that one, and then I climbed the next one, and the one after that. Somewhere along the line I learned a pattern of how to climb a mountain, how to deal with whatever it was. And I came to expect that I would get to the end of that particular issue that I perceived as a mountain. So I guess I'm trying to say that I got good at climbing mountains. I learned how to do it. And then I remember coming to a particular mountain. It was as if there was a sheer sheet of rock that I couldn't get up anymore. There wasn't any way to get over it. I was stuck. I could camp at the base of this rock face. I had done well to get that far. I needed to be there, at its base, and be aware of the opportunities life offered, because there would be one that would help me get over the rock. That was my responsibility. If there wasn't, then I would accept that. Not out of rejection or despair or resignation, but out of contentment almost.

An acceptance that I had done my very best with the limitations of what I personally could do. An acceptance of this waiting period, and the knowledge that I may wait until I die. An acceptance that now I needed outside help, and that it may or may not come. There was the knowledge that it might not happen, a real awareness that it might not happen, that just because I needed it didn't mean life was going to give it to me. I believed that if this was as far as I was going to go, that would be okay. My help did surprisingly enough come, and I was able to use it. I didn't climb that wall. I leaped over it. And then I was able to go on. Then I was able to really move towards what I was seeking, and I did get there.

Table 2

Thematic Analysis of Hannah's Story

Themes	*Phrases*
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	I came out of an unhappy and unhealthy family background, and somewhere along the line I had to go back and do some major reconstruction. I think I was desperate, just felt that this had to be done. And it took a long time. And it was painful. There is one point that I recall that was probably near the end of that time of rebuilding when I came to an impasse.
Active, Takes Control	
	And I climbed the next mountain.
	Somewhere along the line I learned a pattern of how to climb a mountain, how to deal with whatever it was. I guess I called on the expertise from the mountain before and the one before that, and applied it to the one I was climbing. So I guess I'm trying to say that I got good at climbing mountains. I learned how to do it.
	My job was to remain on guard, to be aware when or if life should hand me that opportunity. I would be on guard and ready to use it. That was my responsibility.
	And my action around that hope was to remain aware of my environment and on guard for that help. I wouldn't tune out. I would stay tuned in to my world looking for that help. Because I knew it would come in disguise, and so I would need to be tuned in. And that was the action that came under the hope.
Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments	
	You can think of it as having climbed mountains. And the first mountain I climbed I believed that when I got to the top, everything would be okay and that I would be finished, healthy, whole. And I remember the despair when I got to the top and realized that that was only one mountain and that there was another to climb.
	...and now there was another mountain to climb.
	And then I remember coming to a particular mountain. It was as if there was a sheer sheet of rock that I couldn't get up anymore. There wasn't any way to get up over it. I was stuck.

I came up against something that was simply beyond my individual ability to cope with. I just knew that this wall I couldn't get beyond.

When I first came to that barrier in my travels that I put so much into, and I realized that all that I had wasn't going to get me beyond it, I remember feeling disappointed, despair, sadness that I had travelled this far and needed some external help that may or may not happen. It was pretty upsetting. And so I had to acknowledge that, come to terms with that.

Positive Attitude/Expectations

And I came to expect that I would get to the end of that particular issue that I perceived as a mountain.

I would be camping there with the idea and the expectation that I would be aware and looking for that help so that I could go on.

I had the hope or the expectation that life would offer me a way of getting over or around or through that slate of rock.

Lack of Negative Attitude

There wasn't any anger. There wasn't any resentment. There wasn't any disappointment.

Realistic

And I think that while climbing the next mountain, I at least had the awareness that there was the possibility that there would be another mountain behind this one. And there was, so there wasn't quite the despair. There wasn't the expectation to be whole when I got to the top of that mountain.

And there was a knowledge that it might not happen, a real awareness that it might not happen, that just because I needed it didn't mean life was going to give it to me.

There was the awareness that it may not happen.

It wasn't a fairy tale hope. It was a hope that said, "I know this may not happen." There was an awareness that this might not happen.

Sense of Uncertainty

But there was...the knowledge that life might or might not give me what I needed to get further.

So there was...the knowledge that there was a good possibility that I wasn't going to get the external help I needed.

Persistent

And so I started again.

And so I climbed that one, and then I climbed the next one, and the one after that.

But there was a declaration inside of myself that I would stay and camp at the base of that slate, and I would be "on guard."

Active Waiting

But still, I would be there waiting for it to happen.

It was an acceptance of this waiting period, and the knowledge that I may wait until I die. But that was okay.

And I think the okayness came out of the fact that I was waiting with the idea that I would try again, the knowledge that I had done my very best to get this far. And that made the waiting okay.

At base of slate, there was an "active waiting."

Future Orientation

I needed to be there, at its base, and be aware of the opportunities life offered, because there would be one that would help me get over the rock.

I would hope it would come.

I had no control over that, and I would just have to be tuned in to what was happening, so that if it did happen, I would grab it.

Acceptance of Position

I believed that if this was as far as I was going to go, that would be okay. I could camp at the base of this rock face. I had done well to get that far.

If there wasn't, then I would accept that, not out of rejection or despair or resignation, but out of contentment almost. An acceptance that I had done my very best with the limitations of what I personally could do.

There was an acceptance that now I needed outside help, and that it may or may not come. That would have been okay.

There was a certain knowledge that I had done the very best I could do. That I had used every resource within me to get as far as I could.

But there was a certain acceptance of the spot I was in. An acceptance that I had done the very best I could do...

And there was a contentment and an acceptance of the position I was in.

That I could accept where I was probably had a lot to do with the fact that I had done so well, worked so hard, and used every resource I had. I could be proud of where I was. It wasn't where I wanted to be, but it was an okay place.

And then came hope, a general, calm, peaceful, acceptance of the position I was in.

Accepting the position I was in...

I could accept the position I was in because I'd gotten there using every resource I had, to the very best of my ability. So there was no beating myself, no remorse or guilt in relationship to where I was.

Sense of External Support

I remember when it started. I was looking out the window and I remember saying, "God help me", and I don't believe in God.

...what I needed had to come from outside.

There was a knowledge that what I needed had to come from outside of me.

There was the knowledge that I needed something external...

There was the knowledge that what I needed had to come...Not from within me. I had no power over that. It had to come from outside of me.

It (help) came from an interaction pattern with an individual that allowed me to make a leap.

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

It (help) did surprisingly enough come, and I was able to use it...I didn't climb that wall, I leaped over it.

And then I was able to go on. And that was a major breakthrough. Then I was able to really move towards what I was seeking, and I did get there.

Daniel

Daniel is a 44 year old professor at a major Canadian university who describes himself as rational and unemotional. Daniel chose to put his two stories in writing and mail them to the researcher. His first story describes his desire as a youth to attend a renowned military college and the actions he took to make this possible:

> *At the end of Grade 12, I obtained temporary summer employment in the Student Militia. Upon completing the 6 week program, I became sufficiently interested in the military as to try to combine my hopes of attaining a university degree with a military career. Specifically, by obtaining enrolment to the Royal Military College, I would access a fully funded 4 year university degree program and, upon graduation, receive a commission as an officer. Accordingly, I made a point of continuing with my militia involvement during my Grade 13 studies. I also expanded my extra-curricular sports activities and read some military history. Finally, I enroled in a junior non-commissioned officer course for the summer after my Grade 13 studies. During the early winter of my Grade 13 studies I made application for the Royal Military College. In the spring, I attended a series of testing and interview sessions. Much of the summer was spent in anticipation of both a high degree of success in my Grade 13 departmental exams and acceptance into RMC. Although I had made an application to a university as a "back-up", my hopes, and most feasible means of attaining University Degree status, lay with the military college. In late August, my hopes were vindicated - I received high grades and acceptance into RMC!*

Daniel's second story describes his conversion to Christianity:

> *In the late 1970's, I had achieved considerable success in virtually all aspects of my life. However, I began to despair as did Alexander (the Great). Were there no more frontiers? Was there no more to life? I knew of one area, one I thought to be the most important (potentially) of all - the conversion experience of Christianity and all that might follow. However, try as I might, I couldn't make myself "believe", rationally or otherwise. Someone else proved to hold the key to this impasse. One of my colleagues invited me (and my wife) to apply for a seminar at his church. We did apply, but were turned down as the seminar was full. I was very disappointed. However, at the 11th hour, two vacancies became available. Subsequently, we attended 6 or 8 weekly sessions at the church. We found these to be very uplifting and informative. But I began to doubt whether a "supernatural" conversion experience and the "filling with the Holy Spirit" was possible for a "rational" and "unemotional" person like myself. During the last session, we were to pray for the "filling" with the help of "older" Christians. As the day approached, I spoke no words to my wife but secretly began to doubt success. Strangely enough, God didn't wait for the formal occasion. A few days before the final session, I lay in bed quietly praying - as we had been taught and encouraged to pray. As I began to drift off into sleep, I found myself beginning to speak spontaneously "in tongues." I experienced an unprecedented, intense sense of God's presence - of his reality and his loving fatherhood (parenthood) for me (and others). For the first time in my life, I KNEW He existed and began to sense his personality (albeit in a limited/finite capacity). Since that time, my hopes for spiritual fulfilment, for spiritual growth, and for more than the finiteness of human existence have grown into a reality or a*

certain anticipation. Where I previously had doubts and saw contradictions, I began to see, or at least began to develop a capacity to see, certainties and no inherent contradictions. Although there is much I do not yet understand, I know that one day I WILL understand, if not here on Earth, then beyond. My supernatural conversion experience has been greatly aided by my growing understanding of Christianity, and its uniqueness (both historically and theologically), in sustaining this hope during the past ten years. I do not doubt that this will continue to be the case for the "duration."

Table 3

Thematic Analysis of Daniel's First Story

Themes	*Phrases*
The Challenge, Context of Hope	*At the end of Grade 12 in Ontario, I obtained temporary summer employment in the Student Militia. Upon completing the 6 week program, I became sufficiently interested in the military as to try to combine my hopes of attaining a university degree with a military career.*
Active, Takes Control	*Accordingly, I made a point of continuing with my militia involvement during my Grade 13 studies.*
	I also expanded my extra-curricular sports activities and read some military history.
	Finally, I enroled in a junior non-commissioned officer course for the summer after my Grade 13 studies.
	During the early winter of my Grade 13 studies I made application for the Royal Military College.
	In the spring, I attended a series of testing and interview sessions.
Goals	*Specifically, by obtaining enrolment to the Royal Military College, I would access a fully funded 4 year university degree program and, upon graduation, receive a commission as an officer.*
Positive Attitude/Expectations	*Much of the summer was spent in anticipation of both a high degree of success in my Grade 13 departmental exams and acceptance into RMC.*
Realistic	*Although I had made an application to a university as a "back-up", my hopes, and most feasible means of attaining University Degree status, lay with the military college.*
Future Orientation	*I would...upon graduation, receive a commission as an officer.*

Much of the summer was spent in anticipation...

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

In late August, my hopes were vindicated - I received high grades and acceptance into RMC!

Table 4

Thematic Analysis of Daniel's Second Story

Themes	*Phrases*
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	In the late 1970's, I had achieved considerable success in virtually all aspects of my life. However, I began to despair as did Alexander (the Great). Were there no more frontiers? Was there no more to life?
Active, Takes Control	
	Subsequently, we attended 6 or 8 weekly sessions at the church. We found these to be very uplifting and informative.
	A few days before the final session, I lay in bed quietly praying - as we had been taught and encouraged to pray.
Goals	
	I knew of one area, one I thought to be the most important (potentially) of all - the conversion experience of Christianity, and all that might follow.
Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments	
	We did apply, but were turned down as the seminar was full. I was very disappointed.
	However, try as I might, I couldn't make myself "believe", rationally or otherwise.
Positive Attitude/Expectations	
	Since that time, my hopes for spiritual fulfilment, for spiritual growth, and for more than the finiteness of human existence have grown into a reality or a certain anticipation.
	...I know that one day I WILL understand...
	I do not doubt that this will continue to be the case for the "duration."
Realistic	
	Although there is much I do not yet understand...
Sense of Uncertainty	
	But I began to doubt whether a "supernatural" conversion

experience and the "filling with the Holy Spirit" was possible for a "rational" and "unemotional" person like myself.

As the day approached, I spoke no words to my wife but secretly began to doubt success.

Future Orientation

...if not here on Earth, then beyond.

Sense of External Support

Someone else proved to hold the key to this impasse.

One of my university colleagues, a person I knew to be a dedicated Christian, invited me (and my wife) to apply for a "Life in the Spirit" seminar at his church.

Strangely enough, God didn't wait for the formal occasion.

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

As I began to drift off into sleep, I found myself beginning to speak spontaneously "in tongues." I experienced an unprecedented intense sense of God's presence - of his reality and his loving fatherhood (parenthood) for me (and others). For the first time in my life, I KNEW He existed and began to sense his personality (albeit in a limited/finite capacity)...Where I previously had doubts and saw contradictions, I began to see, or at least began to develop a capacity to see, certainties and no inherent contradictions...My supernatural conversion experience has been greatly aided by my growing understanding of Christianity, and its uniqueness (both historically and theologically), in sustaining this hope during the past ten years.

Justine

Justine is a 24 year old American woman whose parents (father and stepmother) managed an orphanage near the Mexican border as Lutheran missionaries. Her biological parents divorced when she was in elementary school, and each has since remarried. Her father and stepmother became Christian when she was thirteen years old, and gave up jobs and a family business to become missionaries in the orphanage. Justine felt that a depressed person would tell a very different story than hers.

Justine's first story, typed out, was an embellishment of a news story she heard during the Persian Gulf War that, to her, expressed hope:

> *They had been married many years, so she was accustomed to his periodic absences. He was an officer in the Canadian military when they met. Bev thought to herself that no matter how many times he left, she would always miss him, no matter how used to being alone she might get. August 2nd was another normal day -- until she listened to the news that night. Iraq had invaded Kuwait. Dale was caught right in the middle, stationed at the Canadian Embassy in Kuwait -- not officially, but unable to leave nonetheless. She had felt fear before, but now she felt a pain gripping her heart, almost stopping the beat. Helplessness seized her being and desperately, she began to pray. She fell asleep praying for God's peace. Finally, someone said the word. Hostage. She continued her prayers. "My husband was sent to Kuwait in late July",*

she told the reporters. "It was only for six months, but then..." Someone shoved a microphone in her face. "How are you dealing with his absence? Are you angry with the government for leaving him there?" the voice demanded. She wasn't angry -- only anxious. He would have been home months ago. She knew she couldn't give up and get crushed under the weight of despair. She needed to go on, almost as though things were normal. Christmas was only a month away when she started knitting a sweater as a gift for him, refusing to think that he might never wear it. Friends came by as often as they dared, offering their sympathy for her pain. Sometimes she felt that they acted as though he already were gone from her life, but then she dispelled the thought. Everyone was really trying to be supportive, sometimes they just said things that came out all wrong. Lisa had been there last week, and said, "If Dale comes home..." She didn't mean to say it, but everyone knew that he might not come home. Bev tried not to think about it. She stayed in her prayer closet most of the day now, sharing all of her worries with God. It didn't solve her problems, but she did feel a little better, not quite so alone. A few days before Christmas, the reporters were back again. This time they came to ask him the questions! They chased him from the plane to where she waited. "How did you feel? What did you do to survive? Where did you hide until you managed to get out?" She didn't even hear them. She was busy thinking about how good it was for him to be in the same room. The sweater was ready for Christmas, but she was receiving her gift right now..

Wanting to tell a second story based on personal experience, Justine met with the researcher and told a story while it was being recorded. This story depicts her parents' lengthy attempts to adopt three Mexican

children from their orphanage and take them to the United States:

> Two of the little girls at the orphanage lost their mom to diabetes. They had a third sister, who had been living at home with their mom, and she moved into our orphanage as well. My mom and dad began adoption proceedings for these girls. The first thing they found out was that Americans cannot adopt Mexican children. What they found out next was that if they would stand up to investigation both from the U.S. and Mexico, maybe the adoption could proceed. And so they talked to the necessary government agencies in Mexico and the States and answered all their questions. After that, the obstacles became monetary. They needed money to put the paper work through, money to get copies of my dad's divorce decree, and money to get copies of everyone's birth certificates. And so, they just kept putting out money. All the way through it there were setbacks. And yet there was always the desire and the thought that we just gotta keep on trying because if we stop, the girls are going to be stuck over there by themselves, in an orphanage, without a mom, a dad, or anyone who cares. When things started to look really grim, Dad would look into other Mexican families that he could place the girls with. But he was never very happy with that because he and Mom both felt like the girls belonged with them. And so they just kept trying and praying, and eventually the girls got a pass to come and live with us. And then there was the schooling because the girls weren't supposed to go to school until after they had already become American citizens. But of course Mom and Dad had them in school because during the school year, you just don't have three kids sitting at home doing nothing. One of the people at the immigration office said that the kids weren't supposed to be in school. Mom and Dad didn't say anything and she didn't ask. Really, this woman knew that they were in school, of course. All along

there were people there that helped in amazing ways - things that they shouldn't have done, things that they would not normally have said or done. Eventually, the judge was coming up from the interior of Mexico to decide on the case, and everybody was worried. Mom and Dad and the three girls went in, and she talked to the girls, she talked to Mom and Dad, and she ruled for Mom and Dad. And so they brought the girls home again that day. It was like a huge sigh of relief. Everything that we'd all been working for so long, and everything that we'd been praying for finally had culminated. We had the girls and it was legal. And so, they had their names changed to our last name.

Table 5

Thematic Analysis of Justine's First Story

Themes	Phrases
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	August 2nd was another normal day -- until she listened to the news that night. Iraq had invaded Kuwait. Dale, her husband, was caught right in the middle. He was stationed at the Canadian Embassy in Kuwait -- not officially, but unable to leave nonetheless.
Active, Takes Control	
	...desperately, she began to pray.
	She continued her prayers.
	...started knitting a sweater...
Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments	
	She had felt fear before, but now she felt a pain gripping her heart, almost stopping the beat.
	Finally, someone said the word. Hostage.
	Someone shoved a microphone in her face. "How are you dealing with his absence? Are you angry with the government for leaving him there?", the voice demanded.
	...sometimes they just said things that came out all wrong. Lisa had been there last week, and said, "If Dale comes home..." She didn't mean to say it...
Avoid Negative Attitude	
	...refusing to think that he might never wear it.
	Sometimes she felt that they acted as though he already were gone from her life, but then she dispelled the thought.
	Bev tried not to think about it.
Realistic	
	...everyone knew that he might not come home.
Persistent	
	She knew she couldn't give up and get crushed under the weight

of despair.

She needed to go on, almost as though things were normal.

Active Waiting

The time was beginning to weigh heavily on her.

Christmas was only a month away when she started knitting a sweater as a gift for him...

Sense of External Support

Friends came by as often as they dared, offering their sympathy for her pain.

Everyone was really trying to be supportive...

She stayed in her prayer closet most of the day now, sharing all of her worries with God. It didn't solve her problems, but she did feel a little better, not quite so alone.

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

A few days before Christmas, the reporters were back again. This time they came to ask him the questions! They chased him from the plane to where she waited. "How did you feel?" What did you do to survive? Where did you hide until you managed to get out?" She didn't even hear them. She was busy thinking about how good it was for him to be in the same room. The sweater was ready for Christmas, but she was receiving her gift right now.

Table 6

Thematic Analysis of Justine's Second Story

Themes	*Phrases*
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	Two of the little girls at the orphanage lost their mom due to diabetes. They had a third sister, who had been living at home with their mom, and she moved into our orphanage as well. My mom and dad were aware that that was going to happen and they began adoption proceedings for these girls.
Active, Takes Control	
	And so they talked to the necessary government agencies in Mexico and the States and answered all their questions.
	When things started to look really grim, dad would look into other Mexican families that he could place the girls with.
	But of course Mom and Dad had them in school because during the school year, you just don't have three kids sitting at home doing nothing.
	And so, they had their names changed to our last name.
	I think I would describe hope as an "ing" word.
	Basically you pray...
Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments	
	The first thing they found out was that Americans cannot adopt Mexican children.
	After that, the obstacles became monetary. They would say, "$200 and the adoption will be finished. We need this much money to put the paper work through." And then all of a sudden it would be, "Oh, well, we also need this and this and this. We need a copy of your divorce decree," for my dad. They needed a copy of his and mom's birth certificates. They would have to buy a copy of each of the girl's birth certificates, and that cost $50 each. And so, they just kept putting out money and putting out money.
	And then all the way through it there were setbacks.
	One time we were travelling into New Mexico up to the mountains, and we had the three girls in the car. We passed a border station, and they asked for the girls passes and we gave them up. And the guy looked at the card, and he said,

"Class B. Well, where are the three businessmen?" Because they were businessmen's passes. And they looked at the signature, and it was from the head man in the area. He had signed the cards and given them to Mom and Dad. And they said, "Well, if Mr. C. signed it, I guess it's OK." So they gave back the passes. What Mom didn't know at the time is that those passes could be revoked at any moment, and the girls sent back across the border.

And then there was the schooling because the girls weren't supposed to go to school until after they had already become American citizens...One of the people at the immigration office said these kids aren't supposed to be in school. Mom and Dad didn't say anything and she didn't ask. Really, this woman knew that they were in school, of course.

Eventually, the judge was coming up from the interior of Mexico to decide on the case, and everybody was worried.

Positive Attitude/Expectations

A positive outlook was really important.

...eventually you get there, eventually it would happen.

...they could look at it and they could say, "Eventually we will reach our goal."

I remember always feeling like "this is something that's going to happen."

It was always, "Well this is still something that's going to happen"...

Avoid Negative Attitude

At no point did I think, "Well, it's not going to happen."

If your feelings were negative, it's as though the action would just be negative as well.

When you lose hope, you just give up. When you give up, nothing happens.

Sense of Uncertainty

When we didn't think it was going to turn out...

And even when the times came and I thought, "Well, maybe it's not", it was still a maybe.

...or, "Maybe it won't", but still there was a feeling that we can also get past this.

Persistent

And yet there was always the desire and the thought that we just gotta keep on trying...

And so they just kept trying and praying...

And if you just keep going, continue plodding on and on...

And so the thing is to not give up, to continue hoping.

Active Waiting

And especially in that situation, because it lasted so long.

There was never a point where we could say, "OK, everything is fine now." Until two years later when we got the judgment.

Future Orientation

A word that you have presently, and that you will continue to have.

It's something that you have now and you continue to have.

It's not something that is just for right now.

Continual

It was a continual hoping.

And so it was a continual process.

Sense of External Support

The first thing for glory to God was that they were able to start the adoption proceedings.

All along there were people there that helped in amazing ways - things that they shouldn't have done, things that they would not normally have said or done.

When we didn't think it was going to turn out, I got this really bad feeling in my stomach. And I thought, "God, you just can't let it happen. It just can't be."

I didn't pray throughout the whole thing. When things got tough, then I'll admit I prayed. But I wasn't praying through the whole thing. I'm sure my mom and dad were.

Concern About Others

...because if we stop, the girls are going to be stuck over there by themselves, in an orphanage, without a mom, a dad, or anyone who cares.

Sense of Right, Fairness

...to always know that what was going on was right

This is the right thing to do...

Sensed as Empowering, Enabling

I wouldn't say that the adoption happened because of the hope. But I would say that it got us through, as far as emotionally.

Because of the hope, they were able to believe in it, to believe that, "This is the right thing to do, and because I believe it's the right thing to do and I have hope, then I can see something coming of it." Not look at it and think, "Well, I'm wasting my time."

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

What they found out next was that if they would stand up to investigation both from the US and Mexico, maybe the adoption could proceed.

And so they had the United States Department of Families or whatever it is ask all of us questions. And then on the Mexico side the same government agency talked to Mom and Dad and the girls, and just tried to make sure that everything was on the level, that Mom and Dad were who they said they were, that they really were missionaries, that Dad did run a home for children, things like that.

Mom and Dad and the three girls went in, and she talked to the girls, she talked to Mom and Dad, and she ruled for Mom and Dad.

And so they brought the girls home again that day.

Everything that they'd all been working for so long, and everything that we'd been praying for finally had culminated. We had the girls and it was legal.

Kevin

Kevin is a 27 year old married man who was raised by his grandparents until age three. He described himself as someone who finds life important, other people's lives as well as his own. Kevin thought that to hear a very different story of hope, the researcher would have to speak to people who did any type of injustice against children, people who are self-centered, or people who don't help others. In the process of talking about his experiences and feeling of hope, Kevin told several stories, as part of his larger theme, to the researcher over a 45 minute period. His main theme involved injustices committed against children in this world, including abuse, war, poverty, and starvation, and how he hopes that children's lives can be better. His dialogue can be broken down into two main sections, the first dealing with his hopes for children and the second describing his own childhood. Kevin's personality and hopes for children are reflected in his first story:

> *I find that children, being young and naive, don't always understand what's going on around them. It seems that they usually get the bum end of the deal because grown-ups decide to do certain things and they just happen to be involved. I see children in wars, and they're just in the war because they happen to be there. It's not really their fault. I hope that someday they won't have to be exposed to*

this. Almost every night when you turn on the TV and watch the news, you hear of little kids getting beaten and stolen, or you hear of schools getting blown up during wars. There's a part inside of me that wishes that I could gather them all up and take them away and let the adults fight the war. Then when everything was finished I could just let them go again. You hear of billions and billions of kids getting hurt physically and emotionally. There are people who care, but not a lot of people who do things about it. I guess I'd like to have some big shelter over children, even though it's not very realistic. I guess I'm hoping that some day kids won't have to worry about being born in a certain place and having that decide what their futures are going to be like; that one day they'll not have to worry, but be able to grow up and have normal lives; not to be judged by their environment or the grown-ups around them. If I was "the almighty Kevin", I would want to be with every one of them, say spiritually, and let them know that everything is okay and help them out when things get kind of rough. I would try to eliminate any type of racism, the bad qualities of adults, and things that they may have experienced before they became this child nation. I would want to be able to give them all the food they need, and all the love they need, and all the opportunities that people should have. I'm hoping to make their life easier so that they can be children and don't have to be little adults or something other than children to get by in life. I'd hope that somebody would donate a whole continent to me for all the children that people didn't want or that the courts decided weren't having a very good life where they were. I could just take them all and be able to let them play and be children for a child's life just so that they don't grow up too fast. I would like to have what they think of as being normal actually be normal and right. I don't want them to think that it's normal to be beaten, because that's not right. I like doing things for other

people, and when other people are surprised or happy, I feel that. I try to do it often, so it's part of my nature, so it's normal. One day I was at West Edmonton Mall waiting to get my hair cut. There was this woman standing there and she had a little kid about two years old. And she said to her mother, "Mom, can I have a balloon?" And her mother said, "Well, you know we don't have the money for that." And the little kid said, "Oh, yeah. I understand, Mom." And I though to myself, "This isn't right." So I bought a balloon and I went over and I said to the lady, "Would you mind if I gave this balloon to your daughter?" And she said, "Oh no, not at all." And I gave the balloon to her daughter and she thanked me. Usually when something like that happens, the mother will say, "Well, thank the man." But there was nothing like that. The little girl just said, "Thank you very much," and she was very happy. I asked her if the yellow balloon that I picked was the color she wanted, and she said, "Well, if I picked a balloon, I'd pick a yellow one too." When I gave her the balloon I felt hope. And I felt happy inside too. I could also feel something else, like my heart was going to explode. I guess I felt inside that I was able to give this kid some childhood. She shouldn't have to understand that her mother can't afford the balloon. It felt really good, because the balloon was $1.25 and it didn't mean anything to me. But when I got a balloon for it and gave it to that little girl, it meant a million dollars. That was something I did. I wouldn't necessarily go out and buy all the balloons and hand them out to kids, but it just happened that this one child I heard. I wish I could hear them all. I would do my best to help them all. I like to help people. There was one time I was at work and there were about four or five cars that didn't start because it was minus forty degrees out. And people were phoning gas stations trying to get tow trucks out, but they couldn't get them because they were too busy. And I thought to myself, "It's odd that people are calling

somebody else to help them when there are so many people here that should be willing to help them." So I stopped one of them in the hall and said, "Your car doesn't start?" She said, "No." And I said, "Well, I'll be finished in about five minutes and I'll go out and start your car. If you see anybody else, tell them I'll start their car. It's no big deal." And so I had my big van and I was going around in the parking lot starting all the cars. People were just wondering, "It's 6:00. He finished work at 4:30, and he's out here. It's minus 40 degrees. The people of the cars are waiting inside because it's too cold outside." And here I am going around boosting cars and starting them and sticking a screwdriver in the carburettor so that they start. I started up the cars that were there and people said, "How much do I owe you?" And I said, "Well, you don't owe me anything. You wanted me to help you and I helped you and that's enough." I don't mind helping people. I feel if I help those people, they pick something up and remember, "I remember when Kevin did this for me, and now this guy's car won't start at the shopping center. So maybe since Kevin boosted my car, I can boost his car. Since somebody helped me, I can help somebody else." So I hope that I'm changing people, that they will continue helping others. I figure if I can get other people to help others like I do, then maybe there will be somebody else out there like me. And then if there's somebody else out there like me and then they do the same thing, then there are three of us, and so on. If I keep hoping people can change and that I can make a difference, then my hope of all the children being happy can come true.

The second part of Kevin's dialogue is the story of his own childhood, where he believes his hope and his concern about children stems from:

When I was born, my parents weren't very well

off. They were married, but I don't think they were ready to have a family right away. Both my parents worked, so I guess the most logical thing was to send me to my grandparents. When I could start to understand this, I used to hope that I could be part of my parents' family, because by this time I had a sister. But I felt like the odd man out. Because they were a family, and here I was coming in three years old. So I wished that I could be part of their family. And as I grew up, I slowly became part of them, but my grandparents were always there. So, since my grandparents were always there, I was always part of them, always wishing to be part of my parents' family. Then my grandfather had a cerebral hemorrhage, and he was in a coma for 9 weeks. It was like I was pushed to my parents' family. Because this family was not existing anymore. So even though there was a lot of pain, there were a lot of good feelings because I was becoming part of this family again. But then when I became part of this family, and grew up for another four or five years in that family while my grandfather was still alive, then I was wishing that I was part of their family again. I didn't seem like part of their family anymore because I was away for so long. And so I always felt like I was going back and forth. Even when I was somewhere, I wished I was in the other place. It was like, "Well, I understand now why I was with my grandparents, so you can send me back." But it was like, "You don't need to be sent back now because we're ready to take care of you." I couldn't really understand that because I thought I lived there. It was then that something inside of me thought, "Something is not right here." And as I slowly got older, I realized more and more that things weren't right. I went through a period of thinking, "When I have children, it's not going to be like that." All that time that I was growing up I was wishing that things were normal, but I didn't know what normal was. When I wished I was with my parents, I thought that would be

normal, but then realized that what I had with my grandparents was normal. So I wished I was part of them again. And that's where my hoping started, by just trying to be part of a family.

Table 7

Thematic Analysis of Kevin's First Story

Themes	*Phrases*
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	I find that children, being young and naive, don't always understand what's going on in the world, in their lives, and in their environment. It seems that they usually get the bum end of the deal because grown-ups decide to do certain things and they just happen to be involved.
Active, Takes Control	
	If something is not perfect to me, I can change it because I have the ability to do that.
	One day I was at West Edmonton Mall waiting to get my hair cut. There was this woman standing there and she had a little kid about 2 years old. And she said to her mother, "Mom, can I have a balloon?" And her mother said, "Well, you know we don't have the money for that." And the little kid, who was just learning how to talk, said, "Oh, yeah. I understand, Mom." So I bought a balloon and I went over and I said to the lady, "Would you mind if I gave this balloon to your daughter?" And she said, "Oh no, not at all." And I gave the balloon to her daughter and she thanked me. Usually when something like that happens, the mother will say, "Well, thank the man." But there was nothing like that. The little girl just said, "Thank you very much," and she was very happy. I asked her if the yellow balloon that I picked was the color she wanted, and she said, "Well, if I picked a balloon, I'd pick a yellow one too." When I gave her the balloon I felt hope. And I felt happy inside too. I could also feel something else, like my heart was going to explode. That was something I did.
	There was one time I was at work and people wefe starting their cars and leaving. I think there were about four or five cars that didn't start because it was minus forth degrees out. And people were phoning gas stations trying to get tow trucks out, but they couldn't get them because they were too busy. And I thought to myself, "It's odd that people are calling somebody else to help them when there are so many people here that should be willing to help them, especially since you know these people." So I stopped one of them in the hall and said, "Your car doesn't start?" She said, "No." And I said, "Well, I'll be finished in about 5 minutes and I'll go out and start your car." And I said, "If you see anybody else, tell them I'll start their car. It's no big deal." And so I had my big van and I was going around in the parking lot starting all the

cars. People were just wondering, "It's 6:00. He finished work at 4:30, and he's out here. It's minus 40 degrees. The people of the cars are waiting inside because it's too cold outside." And here I am going around boosting cars and starting them and sticking a screwdriver in the carburettor so that they start. I started up the cars that were there and people said, "How much do I owe you?" And I said, "Well, you don't owe me anything. You wanted me to help you and I helped you and that's enough."

Goals

I'm hoping to make their lives easier so that they can be children and don't have to be little adults or something other than children to get by in life.

I hope that if I help those six people, they will pick something up and remember, "I remember when Kevin did this for me, and now this guy's car won't start at the shopping center. So maybe since Kevin boosted my car, I can boost his car. Since somebody helped me, I can help somebody else."

So I hope that I'm changing people, that they will continue helping others.

I figure if I can get other people to do what I did, then maybe they will start thinking like I do. So then maybe there will be somebody else out there like me. And then if there's somebody else out there like me and then they do the same thing, then there are three of us, and so on.

Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments

But on TV and the news, I see children in wars, and they're just in the war because they happen to be there. It's not really their fault.

Almost every night when you turn on the TV and watch the news, you hear of little kids getting beaten and stolen, or you hear of schools getting blown up during wars.

These are little kids. They don't understand why they're getting beaten up. They don't understand why their friends are dying because of a war. They know there's a war, but they don't know why there's a war.

When you help kids through Uncles at Large, or similar group, you only help one kid, and it doesn't seem like it's enough.

You hear of billions and billions of kids getting hurt physically and emotionally.

There are people who care, but not a lot of people who do things about it.

I was watching the news stories during the Persian Gulf War,

and Saddam Hussein was talking about the hundreds of women and children who had died.

You see documentaries on African children who are dying because they just happen to be born in Africa. Little children are dying of starvation and they don't know why they're dying, or why they're hurt, or why their brothers and sisters are dying.

I don't understand when governments cut costs at a lower age group and kids lose more and more.

If something is not right for a kid, they may not have the knowledge or the ability to change that. They may not even notice or realize that anything is wrong.

Positive Attitude/Expectations

I'm more hopeful about the future of children now than I would have been 50 years ago because there is a lot more contact with children, through advertising and through schools, as to what is right.

But I figure if I help 100 people and one person continues it, then that's one better.

If I keep hoping people can change and that I can make a difference, then my hope of all the children being happy can come true.

Realistic

...even though it's not very realistic.

I sound like I'm a nut case because I want something so perfect, but nothing can be perfect.

I am really worried about Third World countries and countries that either have the possibility of being at war or who are at war.

So I'm hesitant about the Third World countries. It's scary because before anything really happens, most of the child population is going to be gone. They're either going to be adults or they're going to be dead. And even if they do become adults, they're not going to be that healthy.

I'm hopeful for the children in countries where there is a lot of contact between organizations and families.

In reality, maybe I'm expecting too much.

I sound like some guy that comes knocking at your door on Sunday morning.

I wouldn't necessarily go out and buy all the balloons and

hand them out to kids, but it just happened that this one child I heard.

Sense of Uncertainty

So I'm hesitant about the Third World countries.

But where families are isolated, as in Third World countries, they're about a hundred years behind, and it's going to take a long time before those children get the attention that they need.

Future Orientation

And I hope that someday they won't have to be exposed to this.

I guess I'm hoping that some day kids won't have to worry about being born in a certain place and having that decide what their futures are going to be like; that one day they'll not have to worry, but be able to grow up and have normal lives; not to be judged by their environment or the grown-ups around them.

That was a material thing, but I don't mind giving time too. As time goes on, I'll probably give more and more time.

Sense of External Support

I'd hope that somebody would donate a whole continent to me...

Concern About Others

There's a part inside of me that wishes that I could gather them all up and take them away and let the adults fight the war. Then when everything was finished I could just let them go again.

It would be neat if you could have a country just for kids so that they could grow up in an environment where it's kid-like, and they wouldn't have to deal with the grown-up world.

I wish that the kids didn't have to be involved.

I guess I'd like to have some big shelter over children...

The United States has a president and Canada has a prime minister. I would like to see somebody run the children, so they could have their own nationality and concentrate on what's important to them, rather than what's important to the adults who take care them.

I get a feeling inside when I see children being hurt.

If I was "the almighty Kevin", I would want to be with every one of them, say spiritually, not physically there, and let them know that everything's okay and help them out when things

get rough.

I would like to have what they (children) think of as being normal actually be normal and right. I don't want them to think that it's normal to be beaten, because that's not right. I'd hope that somebody would donate a whole continent to me for all the children that people didn't want or that the courts decided weren't having a very good life where they were. I could just take them all and be able to let them play and be children for a child's life just so that they don't grow up too fast.

Not necessarily just my children, but children who are already born and who are living in environments that aren't happy.

If I had it my way, I would say, "If you two countries are going to fight, take all your children, send them up here, and leave them here. When you're finished we'll send them back."

I wish I could hear them all. I would do my best to help them all.

Sometimes people will ask, "Why did you do that? It didn't get you anything." And I think to myself, "Well, it didn't get anything for me personally, but maybe it will be carried on to something else or someone else."

Sense of Right, Fairness

There was one TV program that showed how kids lived in their own world. If you put a bunch of kids together with no knowledge of races, they'll all play together and they'll all get along for the most part. They have that innocence about them. They have that freedom to just enjoy other people.

It just doesn't seem right.

I would try to eliminate any type of racism, the bad qualities of adults, and things that they may have experienced before they became this child nation.

I would want to be able to give them all the food they need, and all the love they need, and all the opportunities that people should have.

I would like to be able to get racism out of them.

I have all these perfect ideas about how children should grow up.

It just seems like it's not fair.

And I though to myself, "This isn't right."

Meaning

I don't mind helping people.

I like doing things for other people, and when other people are surprised or happy, I feel that. I try to do it often, so it's part of my nature, so it's normal. A lot of things are simple.

It's almost like I have a heart and a little wish well. And it gets a little filled every time I do something for someone else as I think that maybe somebody will carry this on and do nice to other people.

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

I guess I felt inside that I was able to give this kid some childhood. She shouldn't have to understand that her mother can't afford the balloon. It felt really good, because the balloon was $1.25 and it didn't mean anything to me. But when I got a balloon for it and gave it to that little girl, it meant a million dollars.

Table 8

Thematic Analysis of Kevin's Second Story

Themes	Phrases
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	When I was born, my parents weren't very well off. They were married, but I don't think they were ready to have a family right away. Both my parents worked...I grew up with my grandparents for the first few years.
Goals	
	When I could start to understand this, I used to hope that I could be part of my parents' family, because by this time I had a sister.
	So I wished that I could be part of their family.
Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments	
	But I felt like the odd man out. Because they were a family, and here I was coming in three years old.
	So, since my grandparents were always there, I was always part of them, always wishing to be part of my parents' family.
	Then my grandfather had a cerebral hemorrhage, and he was in a coma for 9 weeks.
	It was like I was pushed to my parents' family. Because this family was not existing anymore.
	I didn't seem like part of their family anymore because I was away for so long.
	And so I always felt like I was going back and forth.
	It was like, "Well, I understand now why I was with my grandparents, so you can send me back." But it was like, "You don't need to be sent back now because we're ready to take care of you." I couldn't really understand that because I thought I lived there.
	When my grandfather died, it was like my father died.
	All that time that I was growing up I was wishing that things were normal, but I didn't know what normal was. When I wished I was with my parents, I thought that would be normal, but then realized that what I had with my grandparents was normal. So I wished I was part of them again.

Positive Attitude/Expectations

Then as I got older I had lots of friends. There was never any fear of war or poverty or anything like that. So I grew up okay.

Realistic

...so I guess the most logical thing was to send me to my grandparents.

Sense of Uncertainty

But then when I became part of this family, and grew up for another four or five years in that family while my grandfather was still alive, then I was wishing that I was part of their family again.

Even when I was somewhere, I wished I was in the other place.

Future Orientation

I went through a period of thinking, "When I have children, it's not going to be like that."

Sense of External Support

...my grandparents were always there.

Concern About Others

Now I know that it's not my children in particular, but children in general.

Sense of Right, Fairness

It was then that something inside of me thought, "Something is not right here."

And as I slowly got older, I realized more and more that things weren't right.

When I was 16 or 18, I used to go to a tavern with my father, and people would think we were brothers. But there was something in the back of my head saying, "They're right. We are brothers because we had the same parents."

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

And as I grew up, I slowly became part of them...

And that's where my hoping started, by just trying to be part of a family.

John

In his late 40's, John is married and has two adult children. He has been a junior high teacher for most of his adult life, and is also active in his private businesses and church. Seven years ago, an accident with a saw claimed his right eye, leaving him with a severely myopic left eye. Recorded with no one present, John's story focuses on an incident after his accident that strengthened his hope for the future:

> *Back in November 1984, in the school wood working shop, on my lunch hour, I had an accident. The table saw that I was working on kicked back a piece of wood and hit me very close to my eye. As soon as I was hit, I knew it was a serious accident because I looked in the mirror and my eye was...like a scrambled egg. The end result of the accident was that I not only lost my eye, but naturally the vision. On the first day of the accident, I was operated on. And over the course of the next few days, I was concentrating on trying to get better, and not thinking too much about consequences. My first concern was that the accident could have been much, much worse, and I was thankful to God that it wasn't. However, after the third or fourth day the realization set in, and I began wondering whether I was going to be able to cope in the world with the use of only one eye. My biggest hope was that once I was released from hospital, I would be able to function normally with the sight of only one eye. I believe it was the seventh day after the accident that my daughter picked me up at the hospital in the morning and drove me home. As soon as she dropped me off and left for school, I knew I had to take the truck out to see if I could drive. I immediately took the truck and drove*

a mile and a half to the post office. It wasn't so much to pick up the mail after a week of mail being stored up. It was simply to see whether I could drive safely there and back. I was extremely happy and delighted that I was able to drive the car safely to the post office and back home. I knew then that I would be able to function in the real world, among friends, with the use of one eye.

Table 9

Thematic Analysis of John's Story

Themes	*Phrases*
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	Back in November 1984, in the school wood working shop, on my lunch hour, I had an accident. The table saw that I was working on kicked back a piece of wood and hit me very close to my eye.
	The end result of the accident was that I not only lost my eye, but naturally the vision.
Active, Takes Control	
	As soon as she dropped me off and left for school, I knew I had to take the truck out to see if I could drive. It wasn't so much to pick up the mail after a week of mail being stored up. It was simply to see whether I could drive safely there and back.
	I immediately took the truck and drove a mile and a half to the post office.
Goals	
	My biggest hope was that once I was released from hospital, I would be able to function normally with the sight of only one eye.
Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments	
	On the first day of the accident, I was operated on.
Positive Attitude/Expectations	
	My first concern was that the accident could have been much, much worse...
Lack of Negative Outlook	
	And over the course of the next few days, I was concentrating on trying to get better, and not thinking too much about consequences.
Realistic	
	As soon as I was hit, I knew it was a serious accident because I looked in the mirror and my eye was...like a scrambled egg.

However, after the third or fourth day the realization set in...

Sense of Uncertainty

...and I began wondering whether I was going to be able to cope in the world, and the world of my friends, with the use of only one eye.

Future Orientation

I knew then that I would be able to function in the real world, among friends, with the use of one eye.

Sense of External Support

...and I was thankful to God that it wasn't worse.

I believe it was the seventh day after the accident that my daughter picked me up at the hospital in the morning, taking time off from school, and drove me home.

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

I was extremely happy and delighted that I was able to drive the car safely to the post office and back home.

My hope was fulfilled and I was able to carry on in the real world.

Louise

Louise is a married woman in her mid-40's with two adult children. Louise described herself as a professional woman with strong family values and a strong work ethic. She was raised in a conservative German farming family that had a strong Protestant work ethic. To hear a different view on hope, Louise suggested the researcher speak to someone who was eternally pessimistic, generally negative, or not religious. Louise told three stories, recorded with no one present, and also provided an example of a person with very little hope. Louise's first story of hope was based on a character from Les Miserables:

> *Jean Valjean, the hero of the story, was a convict who was finally released. In those days if you were convict, you were branded for life with a number across your chest. When he left the prison, he was treated with disdain by people. He would go to hotels and they would turn him down. He would try to get jobs and they would turn him down. People would laugh at him in the streets. He had a hope for a better future. When he was given the responsibility of looking after Fantine's young daughter, Cosette, he realized that he had to make a better life for himself and that life was worth living. He had hope that there would be a future. And because of this sense of hope that he had within himself, he set out to rebuild his life. Soon, he became a factory owner and employed many people. He became a respected citizen of the town, and even the mayor of the town. That's what hope did. It gave him a sense of rebirth, a sense*

that life was worth living, a sense that there was more good in life to come for him. That's why he did as well as he did. Hope gave him a future.

In her second story, Louise relates the experience of a man who lost an eye as the result of an accident. She focuses on his struggle to accept this event and move on with his life:

> *Someone close to me happened to lose an eye through an accident. This person, during the long days and long evenings in between the visits of his family, could think about what this loss of vision would mean to him, especially since this person already had very poor vision. I guess he wondered what if he couldn't drive, what if he couldn't read, what if he couldn't continue his job. All those thoughts must have gone through his head. "What if I can't..." Because being in a hospital you don't really know what you'll be able to do once you leave it. One night it hit him. He had to do some rethinking about whether life was really worth living. And he wrestled with it the whole evening. He kicked up the blankets and was very restless. I'm sure every thought went through his mind. "Is life really worth living? What do I do at this point? Do I carry on? How do I handle it? What do I do?" In the morning he woke up having decided that he was going to make a determined effort to carry on. The next morning, all the nurses commented that he had had a very rough night. And when his wife came to see him, he said that he had a very rough night, that he had done a lot of thinking, was in a lot of distress and turmoil, had gone through a lot of scenarios in his mind, and wondered whether life was really worth living with the eye. And he had come to the conclusion that he had hope for a good future. This is a person who is eternally optimistic about the future, has a*

very good perspective on life, knows when something is a real tragedy and when something isn't, and usually puts other people's perspectives back in order. But this time it was himself, and he wrestled with his so recent loss the whole night. And in the morning he woke up hoping that the future would be bright and thinking it would be, with renewed fortitude and renewed faith that he would be able to manage with whatever life had to offer him with the vision that he had left. He said that he woke up with this renewed feeling and would carry on. Of course his family was thankful that this was the decision that he had arrived at through the night. He had hope for a bright future ahead and that he would be able to manage whatever life gave him. And thankfully, he was able to drive when he came out of the hospital and able to continue his job. With some problems, but he manages quite well.

Louise based her final story on a friend that struggled when her teenage daughter was diagnosed with cancer and her husband lost his job as an assistant bank manager:

I know a woman whose 15 year old daughter had cancer. The doctor removed her appendix, and said that it was cancerous and the cancer was very fast growing. In order to be very safe, he had to remove part of her intestine. It was very difficult on the parents, on the mother. But she never lost hope that her daughter would be fine. She just continually had hope. She and her husband were very strong. They hoped that their daughter would not see the end to her life soon, but that they would remove whatever cancer there was, and that the doctors would cure her. She had hope that healing power and the medical knowledge that doctors have would see their daughter through whatever they found. That was the hope she had. Within a short while

her husband lost his job in a bank. Again they were in a family crisis and she and her husband both took medication to help them through it. He'd lost the job that he had had for 20 years, they were up to their ears with mortgage bills and were used to a lifestyle for which they needed his salary. She had hope that things would be better. Soon her husband found another job. A friend had offered him a job, and he is still with that company now, close to a year later.

Louise also told a story of a person without hope, based on a character in Victor Hugo's play, Les Miserables:

Fantine was a young single mother in the 1800's, when single motherhood was frowned upon and looked down upon with disdain. She had a young daughter, Cosette, and was fired from her factory job when they found out that she had a young child. She had to put up with much ill treatment from people. Finally, to support her daughter and herself, she resorted to prostitution on the streets. She didn't have any hope for a better future. In fact, the future looked very bleak to her. And as days went on, it looked bleaker and bleaker until finally her body physically gave out. She became very ill and died. She didn't have hope for a good future. She physically fell apart and finally died. That's what happened when she had no hope.

Table 10

Thematic Analysis of Louise's First Story

Themes	*Phrases*
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	Jean Valjean, the hero of Les Miserables, was a convict who was finally released.
Active, Takes Control	
	And because of this sense of hope that he had within himself, he set out to rebuild his life.
Goals	
	When finally he was given the responsibility of looking after Fantine's young daughter, Cosette, he realized that he had to make a better life for himself and that life was worth living.
Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments	
	In those days if you were convict, you were branded for life with a number across your chest that always showed.
	When he left the prison, he was treated with disdain by anyone because his actions revealed that he had been a convict for many years.
	He would go to hotels and they would turn him down. He would go and try to get jobs and they would turn him down. People would laugh at him and pretty much stomp on him in the streets.
Positive Attitude/Expectations	
	It (hope) gave him a sense of rebirth, a sense that life was worth living, and that there was more good in life to come for him.
Future Orientation	
	He had a hope for a better future.
	He had hope that there would be a future.
Sensed as Empowering, Enabling	
	(Hope) is why he did as well as he did.
	Hope gave him a future.

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

> *Soon, he became a factory owner. He employed many people. He became a respected citizen of the town, and even the mayor of the town. That's what hope did.*

Table 11

Thematic Analysis of Louise's Second Story

Themes	Phrases
The Challenge, Context of Hope	*Someone close to me happened to lose an eye through an accident. It was a crisis situation. He was in the hospital and it was quite painful. The eye had to be operated on.*
Active, Takes Control	*And he wrestled with it the whole evening. He kicked up the blankets and was very restless.*
	In the morning he woke up having decided that...
Goals	*...and that he would be able to manage whatever life gave him.*
Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments	*And this person had many hours in the hospital to think about the loss of an eye, especially when his vision was already very poor.*
	This person, during the long days and long evenings in between the visits of his family, could think about what this loss of vision would mean to him.
	And this person already had very poor vision. Now he lost one eye in a woodworking accident.
	But this time it was himself, and he wrestled with his so recent loss the whole night.
Positive Attitude/Expectations	*This is a person who is eternally optimistic, always optimistic about the future, has a very good perspective on life, knows when something is a real tragedy and when something isn't, and usually puts other people's perspectives back in order.*
	And in the morning he woke up hoping that the future would be bright and thinking it would be, with the renewed fortitude and renewed faith that he would be able to manage with whatever life had to offer him with the vision that he had left.

Realistic

Because being in a hospital you don't really know what you'll be able to do once you leave it.

With some problems, but he manages quite well.

Sense of Uncertainty

I guess he wondered what if he couldn't drive, what if he couldn't read, what if he couldn't continue his job. All those thoughts must have gone through his head. "What if I can't..."

He thought about his lack of vision, and one night it hit him. He had to do some rethinking, like is life really worth living.

I'm sure every thought went through his mind. "Is life really worth living? What do I do at this point? Do I carry on? How do I handle it? What do I do?"

The next morning, all the nurses commented that he had had a very rough night. And when his wife came to see him, he said that he had a very rough night, that he had done a lot of thinking, was in a lot of distress and turmoil, had gone through a lot of scenarios in his mind, and wondered whether life was really worth living with the eye.

Persistent

...he was going to make a determined effort to carry on.]

Future Orientation

And he had come to the conclusion that he had hope for a good future.

He had hope for a bright future ahead

Sense of External Support

...visits of his family...

Sensed as Empowering, Enabling

He said that he woke up with this renewed feeling and would carry on.

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

And thankfully, he was able to drive when he came out of the hospital and able to continue his job.

Table 12

Thematic Analysis of Louise's Third Story

Themes	*Phrases*
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	I know a woman whose daughter had cancer. She was 15 years old.
	Within a short while her husband lost his job in a bank.
Active, Takes Control	
	Therefore, in order to be very safe, he had to remove part of her intestine and internal organs, and did some checking as well.
Goals	
	They hoped that their daughter would not see the end to her life fairly soon, but that they would remove whatever cancer there was, that the doctors would cure her.
Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments	
	The doctor removed her appendix, and said that it was cancerous and that it was a cancer that was very fast growing.
	And it was very difficult on the parents, on the mother.
	Again they were in a family crisis which caused she and her husband both to take medication to help them through it.
	He'd lost the job that he had had for 20 years, they were up to their ears with mortgage bills, and were used to a lifestyle for which they needed his salary. He had risen to the assistant manager of the bank.
Positive Attitude/Expectations	
	But she never lost hope that her daughter would be fine.
Sense of Uncertainty	
	...especially when you're in the depths of misery or in a crisis.
Persistent	
	It enabled her and her husband to carry on, continue on...

And you continue.

Future Orientation

She had hope that things would be better.

Hope is like a faith that it's going to be better.

To me, that's what hope is. It's a faith that the future holds a promise for better things to come...

Continual

She just continually had hope.

Sense of External Support

She with her husband.

She had hope that the healing powers and the medical knowledge that doctors have today would see their daughter through whatever they found.

A friend had offered him a job....

Sensed as Empowering, Enabling

They were very strong.

So it seems that hope gives you a drive.

It gives you energy to make sure that the future is going to be bright.

And it pushes you forward. It gives you some momentum.

It's almost like a self-fulfilling prophecy where what you believe is going to come true does come true.

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

And soon, sure enough, her husband had found another job.

...and he is still with that company now, close to a year later.

...and they're doing quite well. They're managing with more or less the same salaries that they had before.

Scott

Scott is an 83 year old married man who had four children, one of whom died five months before the telling of this story. He has worked at many jobs over his life time, including farming, logging, building highways, building the Jasper/Lake Louise tramway, and making ice in a curling rink. He described himself as an "easy going guy" whose philosophy in life is to "live and let live." He likes to help people when necessary and tries to get along with everybody. Scott's story conveys his attempts to build a better life with his wife through the Depression and World War II:

> *My wife and I were married in 1930. We had very little. We didn't have what would represent a week's wages today if it was all pooled together. I had a bush homestead which I had just started working on. We spent five years of hard work on the homestead. Got a few cows together, but milking cows was a slow process and cream wasn't worth selling. Got a dollar and a half, maybe, for a five gallon can of cream. I went to Jasper with a chance to cut wood for the winter, and left the homestead behind. Left the wife behind to dispose of the cattle, and then she followed me to Jasper. I went up there and worked very hard in deep, deep snow cutting cordwood, and got very little out of it. But we did make a living for the winter time. And in the summer time, I was fortunate enough to get work building the highway. I spent the next four or five years between the two jobs, working in the woods in the winter time making all I could, and then in the summer time working on the highway for wages. And the family growing*

at the same time. And we were still waiting for something better. Wartime came along then. I tried to get in there, but they wouldn't let me. Maybe I had too many family to support by that time. I was laid off of my job in Jasper because the war effort meant they were restricted. I moved to Edmonton, got a job working on a big stock farm. I worked there for two and a half years. Brought the family in, of course. And kept hoping for a better opportunity. And then I hurt my back. I had to give up the farm work. And for my next job, I went to work paving and shovelling the streets. It was very hard work, especially after just injuring my back. But I stayed with it till freeze up. And when we were about to be laid off the street work, I got a chance to work in a curling rink. I didn't know anything about working in a curling rink, but I needed a job. And I had hopes of making a go of it. And I did make a go of it. I worked for the curling rink for several winters. They were leasing the building from the exhibition grounds. Their lease was up and they had to find new quarters, so we decided to build a building. And we built the present Thistle Curling Rink. I was still chief ice maker. I had learned the trade by that time. If I do say it myself, I was one of the best in the West. And still, hope kept us alive. We moved into the new building. It was further from where I was living. I had built a house in the meantime. The curling rink job was good for the winter and the street paving was good in the summer time. So I was never idle. But I managed to build a second house, in my spare time mind you, till I had one house to live in and one house to rent. Starting from nothing. So I thought we did pretty good. I also raised a family of four boys. But only hope made me do it, that's all I can say.

Table 13

Thematic Analysis of Scott's Story

Themes	*Phrases*
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	My wife and I were married in 1930. We had very little. We didn't have what would represent a week's wages today if it was all pooled together.
Active, Takes Control	
	I had a bush homestead which I had just started working on. We spent five years of hard work on the homestead.
	Got a few cows together.
	I went to Jasper with a chance to cut wood for the winter, and left the homestead behind.
	And in the summer time, I was fortunate enough to get work building the highway.
	I spent the next four or five years between the two jobs, working in the woods in the winter time making all I could, and then in the summer time working on the highway for wages.
	I moved to Edmonton, got a job working on a big stock farm. I worked there for two and a half years.
	And for my next job, I went to work paving and shovelling the streets.
	...I got a chance to work in a curling rink.
	I worked for the curling rink for several winters.
	...so we decided to build a building. And we built the present Thistle Curling Rink. I was still chief ice maker.
	I had learned the trade by that time. If I do say it myself, I was one of the best in the West.
	I had built a house in the meantime.
	The curling rink job was only good for the winter, and the street paving was good in the summer time. So I was never idle.
	But I managed to build a second house, in my spare time mind you...

Goals

And I had hopes of making a go of it.

Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments

But milking cows was a slow process and cream wasn't worth selling. Got a dollar and a half, maybe, for a five gallon can of cream.

And the family growing at the same time.

Wartime came along then.

I was laid off of my job in Jasper because the was effort meant they were restricted.

And then I hurt my back. I had to give up the farm work.

And then when we were about to be laid off the street work...

They were leasing the building from the exhibition grounds. their lease was up and they had to find new quarters...

We moved into the new building. It was further from where I was living.

Positive Attitude/Expectations

...and got very little out of it. But we did make a living for the winter time.

Realistic

I tried to get in there (army), but they wouldn't let me. Maybe I had too many family to support by that time.

Sense of Uncertainty

I didn't know anything about working in a curling rink, but I needed a job.

Persistent

I went up there and worked very hard in deep, deep snow cutting cordwood, and got very little out of it.

It was very, very hard work, especially after just injuring my back. But I stayed with it till freeze up.

Active Waiting

And we were still waiting for something better.

Future Orientation

And kept hoping for a better opportunity.

Sense of External Support

Left the wife behind to dispose of the cattle, and then she followed me to Jasper.

Brought the family in, of course.

Sensed as Empowering, Enabling

And still, hope kept us alive.

But only hope made me do it, that's all I can say.

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

And I did make a go of it.

...till I had one house to live in and one house to rent. Starting from nothing. So I thought we did pretty good.

I also raised a family of four boys.

Michael

A 78 year old married man, Michael was born in Canada and lived in England for thirty five years. He volunteered for service when World War II started, and spent six years in the Royal Navy. He has a strong faith in God, and believes that he has been put on this earth for a purpose. He tries to listen to God and do as He wants here on earth. Michael does not attend church anymore because he feels that many of the things happening in churches are not God-pleasing or Christian. Michael's first story of hope describes a frightening experience during the war when his company was ambushed:

> *It was in Burma, 1943, when I was serving in the Royal Navy. I was in the Search and Rescue and also in the Reconnaissance group. And we led two hundred men into Burma to try to discover how far the Japanese had advanced to the west into Burma, and when they would be probably due to attack what was at that time East Pakistan, which was the nearest area to them. So we went into Burma. And we were ambushed, cut off. And we started losing men. The Japanese knew we were coming. They must have. My leader, who was a lieutenant commander in the Navy, was killed in the first attack by the Japanese. So we had to retreat. And we retreated, and we were losing men all the time. And that was the one time I PRAYED that I'd keep my hopes up. I was left as the leader of what was the remnants of that expedition. I finally got out with twenty-six of us. That's all I could bring back. The others died. But I still didn't give up hope. I went back with another group. They asked me to lead again, and I said, "Yes I will." That*

time, we cleared the way for a major in the army to contact the local people that were fighting the Japanese in the jungle. And because of that, they were able to bring in armies to stop the Japanese where they were and then cut them off and drive them back. They never did reach Pakistan East. I nearly gave up hope, but I never did. But I had nightmares about it. Even after I came home from the Navy, I'd have nightmares about it occasionally - the wall breaking down and all these bullets flying all over the place. I talked to my wife about it afterwards, and she said, "Well, you survived. That's something to be grateful for." I said, "Yes it is." I've been through a lot of hard times since that, but I've never given up. I thought if I could survive that, I can survive practically anything.

Michael's second story tells of a recent fall and the resulting injury to his hip:

I was injured in '43, but not seriously, or so I thought. But I had a severe back injury as a result of which my spine is curved. And I have arthritis. I had a very bad fall last November and injured my left hip. And I thought I'd never be able to walk again. I couldn't have an operation because of my age and the danger of damaging the spinal cord. So I said, "Well, we'll do something about it." And I had limited action for over two months. And then I persisted in walking, trying to walk. Kept on walking. When I got sufficiently well that I could walk around, I volunteered to help do something for the people here. And I'm still working. And I found a good chiropractor. I've been attending him since this February. At first it was three times a week. Now I go once a week. And in due course, probably only once every two weeks or even once a month. But I do the exercises that he prescribed for me. And he does the manipulations when I go to see him. Now I can walk even without a cane. I

carry a cane with me, but I don't need it inside. Out in the street I need it, maybe if I have to step up or step down or get on a bus. That leg is very weak, and so is the hip. But with the help of a cane I can get on to a bus. When I get off the bus, I hold the cane up and walk off as normal. So I didn't give up. I'm not going to. Hope is the one thing that's kept me going. Plus the fact that my wife is there and she's doing everything she can to keep me up.

Michael's final story tells of a friend who seemingly lost hope when things were going badly but regained it with encouragement:

I talk sometimes with people and they say, "Well, what's the use?" There is use. You're still alive. You're still able to do something. Don't give up. With this one person, I think it was just a case of depression because things were going badly for him and he couldn't seem to succeed at anything. He was beginning to lose faith in everything. And I said, "Well, don't give up. Things will change. You can make it change. As long as you don't give up hope. Have faith. Go on with it. Keep trying." He did, and he succeeded. He overcame his depression. The last time I saw him it was about ten years ago. He had a good job, a wife, a beautiful home, and two lovely children. That was one of the things he'd always wanted. He always wanted to get married and have children. And ten years ago I went to visit him on a trip back to England. He said, "I can never thank you enough." I said, "Forget it. I'm glad I was there. That's what I'm here for." If I can help people I will.

Table 14

Thematic Analysis of Michael's First Story

Themes	*Phrases*
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	It was in Burma, 1943, when I was serving in the Royal Navy. I was in the Search and Rescue and also on the Reconnaissance group. And we led two hundred men into Burma to try to discover how far the Japanese had advanced to the west into Burma and when they would be probably due to attack what was at that time East Pakistan, which was the nearest area to them. So we went into Burma.
Active, Takes Control	
	I was left as the leader of what was the remnants of that expedition.
	I went back with another group. They asked me to lead again, and I said, "Yes I will."
	That time, we cleared the way for a major in the army to contact the local people that were fighting the Japanese in the jungle.
Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments	
	And we were ambushed, cut off.
	And we started losing men.
	My leader, who was a lieutenant commander in the Navy, was killed in the first attack by the Japanese.
	But I had nightmares about it. Even after I came home from the Navy, I'd have nightmares about it occasionally - the wall breaking down and all these bullets flying all over the place.
Positive Attitude/Expectations	
	...and she (wife) said, "Well, you survived. That's something to be grateful for." I said, "Yes it is."
Realistic	
	The Japanese knew we were coming. They must have.
	So we had to retreat.

Sense of Uncertainty

And we retreated, and we were losing men all the time.

Persistent

But I still didn't give up hope.

I nearly gave up hope, but I never did.

I've been through a lot of hard times since that, but I've never given up.

Future Orientation

I thought if I could survive that, I can survive practically anything.

Sense of External Support

And that was the one time I PRAYED that I'd keep my hopes up.

I talked to my wife about it afterwards...

Concern About Others

That's all I could bring back. The others died.

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

I finally got out with twenty-six of us.

And because of that, they were able to bring in armies to stop the Japanese where they were and then cut them off and drive them back. They never did reach Pakistan East.

Table 15

Thematic Analysis of Michael's Second Story

Themes	*Phrases*
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	I had a very bad fall last November and injured my left hip.
Active, Takes Control	
	So I said, "Well, we'll do something about it."
	And I'm still working.
	And I found a good chiropractor.
	But I do the exercises that he prescribed for me.
Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments	
	I was injured in '43, but not seriously, or so I thought. But I had a severe back injury as a result of which my spine is curved. And I have arthritis.
	I couldn't have an operation because of my age and the danger of damaging the spinal cord.
	And I had limited action for over two months.
Positive Attitude/Expectations	
	I've been attending him since this February. At first it was three times a week. Now I go once a week. And in due course, probably only once every two weeks or even once a month.
Sense of Uncertainty	
	And I thought I'd never be able to walk again.
Realistic	
	I carry a cane with me, but I don't need it inside. Out in the street I need it, maybe if I have to step up or step down or get on a bus.
	That leg is very weak, and so is the hip.
Persistent	
	And then I persisted in walking, trying to walk. Kept on walking.

So I didn't give up.

Future Orientation

I'm not going to (give up).

Sense of External Support

And he does the manipulations when I go to see him.

Plus the fact that my wife is there and she's doing everything she can to keep me up.

Concern About Others

When I got sufficiently well that I could walk around, I volunteered to help do something for the people here.

Sensed as Empowering, Enabling

Hope is the one thing that's kept me going.

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

But with the help of a cane I can get on to a bus. When I get off the bus, I hold the cane up and walk off as normal.

Now I can walk even without a cane.

Table 16

Thematic Analysis of Michael's Third Story

Themes	*Phrases*
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	I talk sometimes with people and they say, "Well, what's the use?"
Active, Takes Control	
	You're still able to do something.
	You can make it change.
	And ten years ago I went to visit him on a trip back to England.
Goals	
	That was one of the things he'd always wanted. He always wanted to get married and have children.
Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments	
	With this one person, I think it was just a case of depression because things were going badly for him and he couldn't seem to succeed at anything. He was beginning to lose faith in everything.
Positive Attitude/Expectations	
	There is use.
	You're still alive.
Persistent	
	Don't give up.
	And I said, "Well, don't give up."
	As long as you don't give up hope. Have faith. Go on with it. Keep trying.
Future Orientation	
	Things will change.

Sense of External Support

He said, "I can never thank you enough."

Concern About Others

I said, "Forget it. I'm glad I was there. That's what I'm here for."

Meaning

If I can help people I will.

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

He did, and he succeeded. He overcame his depression. The last time I saw him it was about ten years ago. He had a good job, a wife, a beautiful home, and two lovely children.

Lena

Lena is a 79 year old married woman who was "raised in a motherless home by a religious fanatic father whose idea of life was to be so far away from your neighbors you only saw them once a year." She describes her childhood as extremely abusive, and left home at age fifteen after a particularly bad fight with her father. As her father didn't believe in education, she had to fight every day to go to school up to Grade 8. She was never at school before ten o'clock because her father would try to stop her from going "in any way, shape, or form." Lena felt that a person who was raised in the city and had a better opportunity for education would tell a different story of hope. Lena's story is about her son, who was paralysed from the chest down in a car accident thirty years ago:

> *Wayne had just turned 30 years old. He was a married man with six children and he was working on a dam project in BC. He hitched a ride with a neighbor to go into Revelstoke, BC. And coming back, the driver missed the turn in the road, went over the embankment and down 75 feet, till a big fir tree stopped the car. Wayne was catapulted through the windshield. And it pulverized the sixth vertebrae, which left him paralysed from the chest down. I was out at the coast to see him when they told him he was paralysed for life. He got quite violent over the whole thing, as you could imagine. He had his hand exerciser in his hand when it happened, and he threw it*

out through the upstairs window in the hospital. And the matron came in and said, "Well, you might just as well settle down. You're going to be in the hospital at least a year. And you'll be in rehab for another four or five years. So you might just as well settle down and make the best of it." And she was quite annoyed. He turned his head and said, "I'll see you all in hell first." And eight months to the day that he got hurt, he got his driver's license back, with hand controls on his car. He let us know that he needed hand controls and we had seen that he got them. And he took a bunch from the rehab out to McDonald's. When he got out, he took a course in general accounting, as he was a book keeper before. And he kept applying for jobs, and they turned him down because he was handicapped. And he applied for a job with the federal government. And he wrote a note with it that said, "I have six children. We have two choices here. You can pay me welfare the rest of my life. You won't be happy and neither will I. Or you can give me a job where I make a decent wage and we'll both be happy." And they gave him the job. And he's raised his six children. He has worked a great deal with the handicapped people. It's been a struggle for them. They bought one house, and then the town of Surrey wanted that for enlarging their shopping mall. So he moved a block further over. Now he goes square dancing with a wheel chair group. He tells one story about a little blind girl that he used to pick up and take to the handicapped meeting they had. Her parents wouldn't let her have a seeing eye dog or anything. This one day, there was a terrific wind come up. And of course he had to put his wheel chair out through the front door of his car and put the brakes on it so that he could get into it. But this day the wind took it across the parking lot. And he said,"Boy, you talk about the blind leading the blind." The only one he's got with him in the car is this blind girl. And so he directed her by voice. She walked clear across the parking lot. And

she'd say, "I'm not on the road, am I, Wayne?" And he'd say, "You're fine." And she walked clear across the parking lot just listening to his voice, and brought his chair back to him. He also used to take his boys out camping when they were in Scouts. And now he's celebrating his 35th anniversary. His wife is finishing a course in nursing. They had six children and ten grandchildren. So if there was ever a case of somebody working through difficulties, that was it.

Table 17

Thematic Analysis of Lena's Story

Themes	*Phrases*
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	Wayne had just turned 30 years old. He was a married man with six children and he was working on a dam project in BC. He hitched a ride with a neighbor to go into Revelstoke, BC. And coming back, the driver missed the turn in the road, went over the embankment and down 75 feet, till a big fir tree stopped the car. Wayne was catapulted through the windshield. And it pulverized the sixth vertebrae, which left him paralysed from the chest down.
Active, Takes Control	
	And he took a bunch from the rehab out to McDonald's.
	When he got out, he took a course in general accounting, as he was a book keeper before.
	And he applied for a job with the federal government. And he wrote a note with it that said, "I have six children. We have two choices here. You can pay me welfare the rest of my life. You won't be happy and neither will I. Or you can give me a job where I make a decent wage and we'll both be happy."
	And he's raised his six children. He's now got ten grandchildren.
	He has worked a great deal with the handicapped people.
	He was instrumental in getting the handicapped spots for parking at the Safeway in Vancouver...
	So he moved a block further over.
	Now he goes out square dancing with a wheelchair group.
	He does a lot of work with the handicapped there.
	He also used to take his boys out camping when they were in Scouts.
Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments	
	They told him that night. He got quite violent over the whole thing, as you could imagine. He had his hand exerciser in his hand when it happened, and he threw it out through the upstairs window in the hospital.

And the matron came in and said, "Well, you might just as well settle down. You're going to be in the hospital at least a year. And you'll be in rehab for another four or five years. So you might just as well settle down and make the best of it." And she was quite annoyed.

And he kept applying for jobs, and they turned him down because he was handicapped.

They bought one house, and then the town of Surrey wanted that for enlarging their shopping mall.

The place he is in now has an upstairs which he has never been to in the years that they have been in there.

Realistic

It's been a struggle for them.

Persistent

He turned his head and he said, "I'll see you all in hell first."

...and he fought for that for years until they finally got it.

So if there was ever a case of somebody working through difficulties, that was it.

Sense of External Support

I was out at the coast to see him when they told him he was paralysed for life.

He let us know that he needed hand controls and we had seen that he got them.

He tells one story about a little blind girl that he used to pick up and take to the handicapped meeting they had. Her parents wouldn't let her have a seeing eye dog or anything, because they figured that she'd travel around too much. This one day, there was a terrific wind come up. And of course he had to put his wheel chair out through the front door of his car and put the brakes on it so that he could get into it. But this day the wind took it across the parking lot. And he said,"Boy, you talk about the blind leading the blind." The only one he's got with him in the car is this blind girl. And he directed her by voice. She walked clear across the parking lot. And she'd say, "I'm not on the road, am I, Wayne?" And he'd say, "You're fine." And uh, she walked clear across the parking lot just listening to his voice, and brought his chair back to him.

Concern About Others

There were two girls in the hospital that were paralysed from

the neck down. He used to go in and comb their hair and look after them.

He always has looked after the ones from rehab.

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

And eight months to the day that he got hurt, he got his driver's license back, with hand controls on his car.

And they gave him the job. So he's been working for the federal government now ever since then.

And now he's celebrating his 35th anniversary. His wife is finishing a course in nursing. They had six children and ten grandchildren.

Shane

Shane is a 43 year old man who spent three years in prison for "anger and aggression" problems. He is divorced from his first wife, with whom he had four children, and separated from his second wife. Two of his children from his first marriage are currently in prison. He describes himself as someone who has travelled many roads in life. He was formerly a real estate agent, and is currently working in the area of financial investment. Shane told a story about the night he decided to commit suicide:

> *I was in the federal penitentiary for anger and aggression problems. I was brokenhearted from the loss of my second wife, who left me, and still not over my first marriage, which lasted fourteen years, and brokenhearted from seeing my family destroyed because of sins I committed in my life. The parole board had turned me down on parole, and I was at a point of total despair. And then they cancelled my pass at Christmas time because I was denied parole, suspecting I might run away. I got to such a point of despair and depression that I truly lost all hope. It came to a head on Christmas Day. I was going to commit suicide. I've thought about suicide a lot in my life, but that day I was going to. I made a commitment. I had razor blades out. I was going to cut my jugular vein. I'd written notes to my children, and told them that truly I could not go on anymore. I was at the total end of my understanding. So I prayed. In the Bible it says I am the temple of the Holy Spirit, and if I destroy the temple, God would destroy me. In other words, if you commit suicide, you go to hell for eternity. I knew*

that. But I prayed, and I was going to commit suicide anyway. And my faith was strong enough that I believed that God is so powerful that He could override what the Bible says. That He could forgive me for committing suicide and understand that I'd come to such a state of hopelessness that I had no choice. And He could take me and my soul for eternity. But what a strange thing happened. I was standing. I had the razor blades in my hands. And it's like if a nurse ever gives you a hypodermic needle. A warmth started to come over me, from the top down, and it just washed through me. And while it happened I was crying and laughing at the same time, and a sense of peace came over me like I've never had before. And I was up all that night. And it's like, I could feel the presence of the Lord or God or something. It was a spiritual presence. It was so strong. Like I say, I wept and I laughed at the same time. And it's like I knew that God wanted me to be here. My time wasn't up.

Shane also described the state of utter hopelessness that he felt prior to attempting suicide:

There comes a point where you try, you try, you try, till a point where you don't want to try no more, you give up. And when you really give up, then you go into levels of despair, which is beyond depression. You don't eat anymore. After not eating for a long time, you start growing weak. The chemistry of the body changes when that happens, and it's almost like a drug enters your body. And you don't care because you become indifferent. Truly I think that is the ultimate of hopelessness, where you just don't care anymore. Having no hope is a frightening thing. It's like the body changes. Your mind changes. All of a sudden your nervous system kicks in gear, you become fearful, a whole different mentality and body change takes place. And it's an erosion process. Gradually over a period of time, it gets worse

and worse to where you develop ulcers, you develop weak muscles, and then your immune system breaks down. It's like taking a healthy piece of meat, putting it on the counter, and watching it turn rotten and then become worm-infested and go through changes to where it becomes a dried up, shrivelled up piece of nothing, to where it's absolutely nothing. And that's what life is when a sense of hopelessness comes in. It's when you're trying and trying to a point where you might say you're spiritually dead. So it's a giving up, not trying anymore. At that time in my life, I couldn't see a future, because everything looked hopeless. I was in prison. People try in life sort of on ground level. I look at prison at being 25 feet below ground level. When things had become totally hopeless, I felt that I had lost control. When I was in depression, I still had a degree of control, but not much. But when I went into despair, truly a hopeless thing, I had no control. When you are in despair, and despair is truly a hopeless thing, unless someone or something intervenes, you're history.

Table 18

Thematic Analysis of Shane's Story

Themes	*Phrases*
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	I was in the federal penitentiary for anger and aggression problems. I was brokenhearted from the loss of my second wife, who left me, and still not over my first marriage, which lasted fourteen years, and brokenhearted from seeing my family destroyed because of sins I committed in my life. I was paying a price to the point where I was in the federal penitentiary.
	It came to a head on Christmas Day. I was going to commit suicide. I've thought about suicide a lot in my life, but that day I was going to. I made a commitment. I had razor blades out. I was going to cut my jugular vein.
Active, Takes Control	
	I'd written notes to my children, and told them that truly I could not go on anymore.
	So, what happened is, I prayed.
	And I prayed...
Goals	
	If I ever get the money, I'm going to build a ranch. And there will be buses cruising the city twice a day. And it will be a place where people can come off the street, get ministered to, get food and shelter, not be expected to do anything. So they can relax.
Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments	
	The parole board had turned me down on parole, and I was at a point of total despair. And then they cancelled my pass at Christmas time because I was denied parole, suspecting I might run away. I got to such a point of despair and depression that I truly lost all hope.
	I was at the total end of my understanding.
Positive Attitude/Expectations	
	And my faith was strong enough that I believed that God is so powerful that He could override what the Bible says. That He could forgive me for committing suicide and understand that

I'd come to such a state of hopelessness that I had no choice.

And I truly believe in the inner spirit of each man, if he's given the right elements and the right love and encouragement. That everyone would have the desire to grow, be something, do something. I don't think that anybody is an absolute bum that would just lay around and do nothing.

Realistic

I'm inside these fences so I'll learn to live here, and grow and develop while I'm in this space, until I have more freedom.

Sense of Uncertainty

In the Bible it says I am the temple of the Holy Spirit, and if I destroy the temple, that God would destroy me. In other words, if you commit suicide, you go to hell for eternity. I knew that. But I prayed, and I was going to commit suicide anyway.

Persistent

I was trying.

Active Waiting

It's like I thought, "I'm not going to use this time negatively, I'm going to use it positively."

Future Orientation

Hope is like hope that there will be a change, or that there's something better than that level of whatever it is we reach.

That's why I have a vision.

Sense of External Support

And that He could take me and my soul for eternity.

And it's like, I could feel the presence of the Lord or God or something. It was a spiritual presence. It was so strong. Like I say, I wept and I laughed at the same time.

And I also told Him, or prayed, and said that without Him, I knew that I'd go out here and I'd blow it again.

And we trust that the Lord directs us to where we're going.

When people really go into despair, having lost all hope, someone or something has to intervene or they're history.

Concern About Others

I'd lost all vision for the world, except what the vision that He gave me, that there's people out here that need help, need us to reach out.

Meaning

And it's like I knew that God wanted me to be here.

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

But what a strange thing happened. I was standing. I had the razor blades in my hands. And it's like if a nurse ever gives you a hypodermic needle. A warmth started to come over me, from the top down, and it just washed through me. And while it happened I was crying and laughing at the same time, and a sense of peace came over me like I've never had before. And I was up all that night.

My time wasn't up.

Robert

Robert is a 39 year old single man who was born mildly mentally retarded and currently lives on Medical Social Assistance. He attended school through Grade 10, but found it too difficult to go further. At the time this story was told, Robert was living in an abandoned building downtown. While he sometimes has money to rent a place, he has been homeless for much of the last three years. He comes from a Ukrainian/Russian/Polish background, and described his family of origin as hard-working and stubborn. Robert has done much in his life that he never thought he would be able to accomplish. He is currently trying to turn his life around and put "a roof over my head, food in my stomach." Robert's story is about a car accident after which doctors told him he would never walk again:

> *This goes back to 1967. I went out one particular Friday evening, and on the way home I was unfortunate enough to be involved in a car accident. And I lost my knees. And I was told by the doctors at that time there was nothing they could do for me, that I would never walk again. But through my courage and endurance and faith in the Lord, I was able to beat what they said, and I came back. Took me three and a half years, and it was quite a struggle. I just kept trying. You can't give up. There's always hope. They were always inventing new things in medicine. They were always coming out with new technology. I just had a lot of faith that I would find*

something, even if it was artificial. My goal at that point in my life was to be able to walk again. I would say, "No. You cannot say I will never walk again. I'm gonna be back on my feet. I don't care what it takes, but I'm gonna get back." And I really amazed the doctors by coming back, because they never expected that I was going to be able to do it. That was a little bit of an obstacle, because I thought they were there to try to help a person. Not hinder them by saying, "You're never going to walk again." That took me the better part of a year to work through and understand why they were saying that. It was just my own stubbornness to not accept that type of a statement. When I want to do something, I grab on with a tenacity and I don't want to let go. I thought on one hand I was lucky to be alive. With any luck, with stubbornness, I would get back on my feet. But if not, well, there was a part that said I might have to live with what they said. Maybe I would wind up in a wheel chair the rest of my life. And I'd manage to cope with that. But yet, there was another part of me that said I was too persistent to just lay down and accept that I was not going to walk again. They got some plastic caps and they were able to reform the joints in my knees. And through that and quite a number of hours of treatment after that, and my own determination, I managed to get back up on my feet. They kept saying that I wouldn't be able to get back up. I just refused to accept their judgements that I wouldn't walk again.

Table 19

Thematic Analysis of Robert's Story

Themes	*Phrases*
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	This goes back to 1967. I went out one particular Friday evening, and on the way home I was unfortunate enough to be involved in a car accident. And I lost my knees.
Active, Takes Control	
	When I want to do something, I grab on with a tenacity and I don't want to let go.
Goals	
	My goal at that point in my life was to be able to walk again.
Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments	
	And I was told by the doctors at that time there was nothing they could do for me, that I would never walk again.
	That was a little bit of an obstacle, because I thought they were there to try to help a person...not to tell you you can't.
	They kept saying that I wouldn't be able to get back up.
Positive Attitude/Expectations	
	I just had a lot of faith that I would find something, even if it was artificial.
	I'm pretty lucky that I'm not dead, because there have been times that I've been pretty close.
	I thought on one hand I was lucky to be alive.
	And I'd manage to cope with that.
Avoid Negative Attitude	
	I just refused to accept their judgements that I wouldn't walk again.
Realistic	
	They were always inventing new things in medicine. They were always coming out with new technology.

But if not, well, there was a part that said I might have to live with what they said.

Sense of Uncertainty

...and it was quite a struggle.

Maybe I would wind up in a wheel chair the rest of my life.

Persistent

I just kept trying.

You can't give up. There's always hope.

I would say, "No. You cannot say I will never walk again. I'm gonna be back on my feet. I don't care what it takes, but I'm gonna get back."

That took me the better part of a year to work through and understand why they were saying that.

It was just my own stubbornness to not accept that type of a statement. I was pretty stubborn.

I've had a few major upsets in my life and managed to work through them and I'm still here, so...

But yet, there was another part of me that said I was too persistent to just lay down and accept that I was not going to walk again.

But I had that something inside me saying, "Uh uh, I won't accept that."

Active Waiting

Took me three and a half years....

Future Orientation

With any luck, with stubbornness, I would get back on my feet.

When I was in the hospital, I thought a lot about the future.

Sense of External Support

...faith in the Lord...

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

But through my courage and endurance and faith in the Lord, I was able to beat what they said, and I came back.

And I really amazed the doctors by coming back, because they never expected that I was going to be able to do it.

They got some plastic caps and they were able to reform the joint in my knees. And through that and quite a number of hours of treatment after that, and my own determination, I managed to get back up on my feet.

Christine

Christine is a 36 year old married woman with two young children. She has a chronic illness and is currently waiting for a kidney transplant. She described her childhood as horrible and very abusive, but says that the experience made her a survivor. Christine thought that someone who has been cured of a disease or received a needed transplant might have a different perspective on hope. Her first story describes the hope she felt when the hospital phoned her to request blood tests to determine her compatibility with an available kidney:

> *I'm waiting for a kidney transplant, and I have been now for about 3 years. And I finally got put on the active category list in January. Often in my mind I was wondering if I would ever get a kidney, because there are just hundreds of people on the list. It's a real roller coaster, because some days you feel really good and some days you don't feel hopeful at all. About a month after I'd seen the transplant team, I got a phone call from a doctor from the transplant team saying that he had two kidneys available. And I was to go in for blood tests for a back up. And what this means is that there were two patients on dialysis who had priority over me, but if it turned out that their match wasn't quite good enough, then I would get the kidney. I just can't explain the shock and surprise when I got that phone call. My knees turned to jelly and my mind just went blank. I couldn't remember the unit number where I was supposed to go for blood tests, and I kept getting things mixed up, and it was just a very exciting time. When I got off the phone, my immediate reaction was to call my husband and*

tell him. And I did. And he came home right away so that I could go to the hospital and get blood tests done. But the way my mind works is immediately getting everything into place. I had to get a baby sitter into place. And I had this list made up previously of people that I wanted contacted if I went in for a transplant, so it was all organized. The paper was a little bit yellow, but it was all organized and so all my husband basically had to do if I did go in was just call all these people. This is a very select list of people, people who are very important to me and who really care about me. But the second person I called immediately before my husband got home was my psychologist, and told him, because he's been through this whole thing with me. And he was very, very excited and it was a really good feeling. Anyway, I went to the hospital for a blood test. And I actually saw the two patients who were on dialysis who had priority over me. And that was kind of interesting. There was no jealousy there. I didn't hate them, or anything like that. But you could tell they were very, very ill, and they were just totally drained. So I thought it would be nice if I did get the kidney, and it did work out, but... That was kind of just a fleeting thought. So I sat there waiting to get my blood test done. Then I got it and I went home and I was told to wait for a phone call, even in the middle of the night or the next morning. And so I went home, and of course I didn't sleep at all that night. Lots of things were going through my mind. I was very, very hopeful that I was going to have a new life after I got this kidney, if I did get the kidney. Because my life would be able to get back on track and be normal again and I could go back to work. That was a really scary thought for me because I've really had reservations about going back to the job I was previously at and I haven't looked seriously at changing to another field, which is the medical field I want to go into. But anyway, the morning came and went, and I never got a phone call. But I wasn't upset, I didn't cry.

I just found at this whole experience, getting a phone call and knowing that my name was on the list and that they could pull it up, very hopeful. I've always felt that I will get a kidney sometime. I've always felt very positive that way. But this phone call kind of triggered that hope. It just gave me a surge of hope that there is a light at the end of the tunnel. But I didn't end up getting the kidney and the other two people did and did very, very well. I've since seen them at the clinic that I attend. And so that's neat to see, because they've done so good and you can't help but be happy for them.

Christine's second story describes the hope she felt when her premature baby's condition was upgraded in the hospital:

I had a premature baby. That's when my kidneys failed. She only weighed two pounds and she was two and a half months premature. So she was a very sick, tiny, little baby. In fact, for the first six weeks, they didn't know whether she was going to live or not. But she seemed to progress just a tiny bit every couple days. And then she'd go back. So it was a real roller coaster. But finally, eight weeks after she was born, they moved her over to the "B" side of intensive care. The "A" side is where the nurses are one on one with the patients. And when they move to the "B" side, it's called graduating, and the ratio is a bit higher. I'll just never forget that day. The hope that I felt for this little kid, that she was going to make it. I was just glowing from this baby being moved over. It's a big step when you have this little kid, and finally she's well enough to move over to "B" side. And the pediatrician came over and said, "You know, she's not out of the woods yet." And it was just enough to smash that hope. I don't think he realized the impact of his words. But I tried not to let it get me down too much. I talked to the

social worker about it, and she could have kicked him. But I just can't describe the hope I felt when they said, "She's moving over to "B" side." There was just something there that you knew she was going to make it. And the future looked good.

Christine also told a story about her grandmother's lack of hope after a stroke:

This is about my grandmother. She had a stroke about eighteen months ago. Before she had the stroke, she was very active in women's groups, loved her plants, digging around in the garden, and all those things. And when she had the stroke, she was hospitalized. I went to see her a couple of times. The first time was about three weeks after she had the stroke. And I felt she was very near death. She talked like there was just no hope. Her left arm was paralysed, her speech was slurred, one side of her face was dropped. But she just could not look to anything bright. She just felt that there was no hope, that her life was never going to be the same again, and life was no good unless it was the same as it was before. I really believe that she feels that way. About a year ago I went to see her again, and she was just a very bitter, angry woman. To me, she was just really rude and nothing you said would please her. She could see nothing positive. She couldn't see how anything had improved, even though you mentioned it. She just could not see herself as anything good. She had given up everything. She didn't do any of the activities she did before. The future was very gloomy as far as she was concerned, because she could not go back to her apartment.

Table 20

Thematic Analysis of Christine's First Story

Themes	*Phrases*
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	This happened back in February. I'm waiting for a kidney transplant...And I finally got put on the active category list in January. About a month after I'd seen the transplant team, I got a phone call from a doctor from the transplant team saying that he had two kidneys available. And I was to go in for blood tests for a back up. And what this means is that there were two patients on dialysis who had priority over me, but if it turned out that their match wasn't quite good enough, then I would get the kidney.
Active, Takes Control	
	When I got off the phone, my immediate reaction was to call my husband and tell him. And I did.
	But the way my mind works is immediately getting everything into place. I had to get a baby sitter into place.
	And I had this list made up previously of people that I wanted contacted if I went in for a transplant, so it was all organized. The paper was a little bit yellow, but it was all organized and so all my husband basically had to do if I did go in was just call all these people.
	But the second person I called immediately before my husband got home was my psychologist, and told him...
	Anyway, I went to the hospital for a blood test.
Goals	
	...the medical field I want to go into.
	I think that it's really important when you have a chronic illness that you have some goals...
Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments	
	I have to admit that appointment with a transplant team where they finally put me on the cadaverial list was very scary.
	That was a really scary thought for me because I've really had reservations about going back to the job I was previously at and I haven't looked seriously at changing to another field...

So I had to reconcile with that, and I was kind of stressed out - a little more about going back to my job than actually going for the transplant if it happened.

But anyway, the morning came and went, and I never got a phone call.

Positive Attitude, Expectations

I've always felt that I will get a kidney sometime. I've always felt very positive that way.

But this phone call kind of triggered that hope. It just gave me a surge of hope that there is a light at the end of the tunnel.

Lack of Negative Attitude

And I was fairly calm because I really didn't know what to expect.

And I actually saw the two patients who were on dialysis who had priority over me. And that was kind of interesting. There was no jealousy there. I didn't hate them, or anything like that.

But I wasn't upset, I didn't cry.

Realistic

Although I'm very careful when I plan. I would never book a date for six months down the road. That's just pushing it.

Uncertainty

Often in my mind I was wondering if I would ever get a kidney, because there are just hundreds of people on the list.

It's a real roller coaster, because some days you feel really good and some days you don't feel hopeful at all.

Active Waiting

I'm waiting for a kidney transplant, and I have been now for about three years.

So I sat there waiting to get my blood test done.

Then I got it and I went home and I was told to wait for a phone call, even in the middle of the night or the next morning. And so I went home, and of course I didn't sleep at all that night. Lots of things were going through my mind.

Future Orientation

So I thought it would be nice if I did get the kidney, and it

did work out, but...

Because my life would be able to get back on track and be normal again and I could go back to work.

I was very, very hopeful that I was going to have a new life after I got this kidney, if I did get the kidney.

...look toward the future.

You have to never stop planning.

Sense of External Support

And he came home right away so that I could go to the hospital and get blood tests done.

This is a very select list of people, people who are very important to me and who really care about me.

...called...my psychologist...because he's been through this whole thing with me. And he was very, very excited and it was a really good feeling.

Concern About Others

But you could tell they were very, very ill, and they were just totally drained.

...you can't help but be happy for them.

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

I just can't explain the shock and surprise when I got that phone call. My knees turned to jelly and my mind just went blank. I couldn't remember the unit number where I was supposed to go for blood tests, and I kept getting things mixed up, and it was just a very exciting time.

I just found at this whole experience, getting a phone call and knowing that my name was on the list and that they could pull it up, very hopeful.

But I didn't end up getting the kidney and the other two people did and did very, very well. I've since seen them at the clinic that I attend. And so that's neat to see, because they've done so good and you can't help but be happy for them.

Table 21

Thematic Analysis of Christine's Second Story

Themes	*Phrases*
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	I had a premature baby...She only weighed two pounds and she was two and a half months premature. So she was a very sick, tiny, little baby.
Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments	
	That's when my kidneys failed.
	And the pediatrician came over and said, "You know, she's not out of the woods yet." And it was just enough to smash that hope. I don't think he realized the impact of his words.
Positive Attitude, Expectations	
	The hope that I felt for this little kid, that she was going to make it.
	There was just something there that you knew she was going to make it.
Avoid Negative Attitude	
	But I tried not to let it get me down too much.
Realistic	
	It's a big step when you have this little kid, and finally she's well enough to move over to "B" side.
Sense of Uncertainty	
	In fact, for the first six weeks, they didn't know whether she was going to live or not.
	But she seemed to progress just a tiny bit every couple days. And then she'd go back. So it was a real roller coaster.
Future Orientation	
	And the future looked good.
Sense of External Support	
	I talked to the social worker about it, and she could have kicked him.

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

> *But finally, eight weeks after she was born, they moved her over to the "B" side of intensive care. The "A" side is where the nurses are one on one with the patients. And when they move to the "B" side, it's called graduating, and the ratio is a bit higher. I'll just never forget that day.*
>
> *I was just glowing from this baby being moved over.*
>
> *But I just can't describe the hope I felt when they said, "She's moving over to "B" side."*

Olivia

Olivia is a 43 year old divorced woman with three children. She was abused her whole life - sexually, mentally, emotionally, and physically. She describes herself as a "person totally broken that God made whole." Currently, Olivia is a counsellor at a street mission, where she primarily works with people who have been abused. She felt that someone who was raised in a Communist country, a former slave in the United States, or someone rich and powerful would tell a different story of hope. Olivia told the story of the event that convinced her to permanently leave her abusive husband:

> *I was sexually abused as a child, and then I was involved in an incest relationship, and I was raped when I was thirteen. And then I graduated - it's like, you go to school, and there's kindergarten, then grade school, and then high school - and then I graduated into getting married after I found out I was pregnant, even though I didn't want to. But at that time there was sort of nothing else to do and being as naive as I was, I didn't realize the options, what was available. And my husband was abusive, mentally and emotionally and physically. And one day I decided I had enough of this education. I didn't need a Masters in abuse. And I think I finally found enough courage to accept that decision after one particular event. After many times of separating from my husband, one particular night me and the kids and him were in the house. And he had a knife, and he was sharpening his knife. And as soon as I saw him sharpening his knife - he worked for Canada Packers, so he had these carving knives*

- I knew that it was for me. My mind's racing trying to figure out how I'm going to get my kids and myself out of the house without him blowing up. So I ask him, "What are you doing with the knife?" And he said, "Well, I'm sharpening it for work." Well in my mind I knew that wasn't true. It was just a voice in the back of my mind. I understand now that it was God talking to me. I didn't understand it then. And so I tried to be as calm and as pleasant throughout the evening as I could. And I wanted to take the kids over to my mother's. At one point, me and the kids was able to get outside, but he had followed us in his car and demanded that we go back to the house, so I did. And my mind is just racing. I'm trying to figure out how am I going to stay calm, how am I going to protect my kids, how am I going to get out of this alive. It's like I knew I was going to die that night. So I remember getting the kids bathed and in bed and settled. And they were finally asleep. This was probably around 10:00. And he went in the room and got the knife and he just exploded. And he starts hitting me and he's going on and on about all this stuff that didn't even make sense - about me seeing these guys, and that I wasn't perfect. And I had two voices. One voice in my mind is telling me that I'm going to die, and the other one is saying, "No, just be calm. Everything is going to be alright." Well, I recognize now what the two voices were. I didn't at that time. And he kept running the knife along my face, on the dull side, and it was really cold. And I'm just trying to stay calm. And in my mind I'm thinking, "Oh God, don't let my kids wake up." And the really neat thing about the situation was that I was calm the whole time. I didn't respond to any of the hits or any of the things he was doing. Just the calm and the peace was there. Which didn't make any sense to me at the time. I didn't understand why I was reacting the way that I did. Until afterwards I realized that if I hadn't, I would have been dead. And he threatened to kill me. And to kill the kids.

In my mind I was telling myself, I was telling God, "Don't let them wake up. Don't let the kids see this." And I didn't scream or anything. And there was like a door there, and he had got me up to the corner. And for the first time I was really able to look in his eyes, and it was just cold, like there was no life in his eyes whatsoever. And I kept looking out of the corner of my eyes, making sure that the kids weren't there, and trying to be as calm and as quiet as possible. And then the knife moved, and my hand went up, and so he cut me here (scar on arm). So I got cut once and it just started bleeding. And when he saw the blood, he just totally changed. And he blinked his eyes, and there was life back in his eyes and then just a rage, and he hit the wall. It was like he all of a sudden realized what had happened. And he hit the wall, which made me panic. And I figured, "Okay, I'm really dead now." So then he said, "Okay, let's go to the hospital." And I'm in the bathroom trying to wash the blood off saying, "No, it's okay. Going to be fine. I'll just put a band aid on it." My mind's racing, like how do I get those kids out of there. And I'm still talking, and I'm hoping that they won't wake up. And I'm half praying and I'm half hoping like, "Just let me get through this situation. Just let me get my kids out of here. Let everything be alright." And so we ended up going to the hospital and I got stitched up and we came back home. I'm halfway to the hospital and then suddenly the reality hits me, and I'm just in hysterics. So by the time I get to the hospital I'm in hysterics. So the doctors asked me what happened and I tell them. And I wanted them to call the police. And they wouldn't. At that time they wouldn't get involved in domestic violence. And I'm trying to get my composure back again so I can think of what I'm going to do when I get back home. Because nobody else is going to help me and I've got to go back with this maniac. I'm trying to think and my mind is just racing. But I still knew that I was going to be alright.

Something inside of me still said that it will all work out. So I went back home and managed to make it through the night. I slept on the couch and he was in the room. And the next morning I got up and he went to work, and as soon as I saw him, I grabbed some garbage bags, grabbed my kids, and went to a shelter. But if I didn't have God, I wouldn't have anyone to talk to. That was my link to keeping the peace. And the hope that this God, somewhere out there, was going to protect me. Because I remember saying to God, "Get me through this." And that was my hope, that this person, this God was going to save me. And that's basically what kept me hoping - hoping that my kids would be alright, hoping that they wouldn't wake up and see this and have this embedded in their minds, hoping that I was going to make it out there alive. I broke the pattern of abuse. I believe that by my leaving, with the Lord's help, those chains were severed. And when I look back over the history, my grandmother was the oldest child and she was pregnant when she was married, my mother was the oldest child and she was pregnant when she was married, I was the oldest child and I was pregnant when I got married, my son's the oldest and his wife was NOT pregnant when they got married. So I look at that as the chains being broken. And the abuse line was broken because I got them out of that situation.

Table 22

Thematic Analysis of Olivia's Story

Themes	*Phrases*
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	I was sexually abused as a child, and then I was involved in an incest relationship, and I was raped when I was thirteen. And then I graduated - it's like, you go to school, and there's kindergarten, then grade school, and then high school - and then I graduated into getting married after I found out I was pregnant, even though I didn't want to. But at that time there was sort of nothing else to do and being as naive as I was, I didn't realize the options, what was available. And my husband was abusive, mentally and emotionally and physically.
Active, Takes Control	
	And one day I decided I had enough of this education. I didn't need a Masters in abuse.
	So I remember getting the kids bathed and in bed and settled. And they were finally asleep. This was probably around 10:00.
	And I kept looking out of the corner of my eyes, making sure that the kids weren't there, and trying to be as calm and as quiet as possible.
	So the doctors asked me what happened and I tell them. And I wanted them to call the police.
	I'm trying to think and my mind is just racing.
	And the next morning I got up and he went to work, and as soon as I saw him, I grabbed some garbage bags, grabbed my kids, and went to a shelter.
Goals	
	My mind's racing trying to figure out how I'm going to get my kids and myself out of the house without him blowing up.
	I'm trying to figure out how am I going to stay calm, how am I going to protect my kids, how am I going to get out of this alive.
	And I'm just trying to stay calm.
	...hoping that my kids would be alright, hoping that they wouldn't wake up and see this and have this embedded in their

minds, hoping that I was going to make it out there alive.

The main reason I left was that I didn't want my boys to think that this was the way a man was supposed to act, because he had many extramarital relationships, he had many children by other women, he was partying on the weekends. And I didn't want to expose them to this. And my daughter, I didn't want her to grow up like me, being very cold, being very passive, not speaking up when something was done wrong towards her.

Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments

After many times of separating from my husband, one particular night me and the kids and him were in the house. And he had a knife, and he was sharpening his knife.

At one point, me and the kids was able to get outside, but he had followed us in his car and demanded that we go back to the house, so I did.

And he went in the room and got the knife and he just exploded. And he starts hitting me and he's going on and on about all this stuff that didn't even make sense - about me seeing these guys, and that I wasn't perfect.

And he kept running the knife along my face, on the dull side, and it was really cold.

And he threatened to kill me. And to kill the kids.

And there was like a door there, and he had got me up to the corner. And for the first time I was really able to look in his eyes, and it was just cold, like there was no life in his eyes whatsoever.

And then the knife moved, and my hand went up, and so he cut me her (scar on arm).

So I got cut once and it just started bleeding.

And when he saw the blood, he just totally changed. And he blinked his eyes, and there was life back in his eyes. And then just a rage, and he hit the wall. It was like he all of a sudden realized what had happened.

I'm halfway to the hospital and then suddenly the reality hits me, and I'm just in hysterics. So by the time I get to the hospital I'm in hysterics.

And (the doctors) wouldn't (call the police). At that time they wouldn't get involved in domestic violence.

...nobody else is going to help me and I've got to go back with this maniac.

Positive Attitude, Expectations

But I still knew that I was going to be alright.

Something inside of me still said that it will all work out.

Realistic

And as soon as I saw him sharpening his knife - he worked for Canada Packers, so he had these carving knives - I knew that it was for me.

So I ask him, "What are you doing with the knife?" And he said, "Well, I'm sharpening it for work." Well in my mind I knew that wasn't true.

It's like I knew I was going to die that night.

I didn't understand why I was reacting the way that I did. Until afterwards I realized that if I hadn't, I would have been dead.

And he hit the wall, which made me panic. And I figured, "Okay, I'm really dead now."

Somewhere along the line you have to make a decision. And for either decision there was a consequence. Either my kids grow up with no father or my boys would have learned that this was the way that a man should be, and by daughter would think she had this to look forward to. So no matter what decision you make, there are consequences.

Sense of Uncertainty

And I had two voices. One voice in my mind is telling me that I'm going to die, and the other one is saying, "No, just be calm. Everything is going to be alright." Well, I recognize now what the two voices were. I didn't at that time.

And my mind is just racing.

And I'm half praying and I'm half hoping like, "Just let me get through this situation. Just let me get my kids out of here. Let everything be alright."

So I went back home and managed to make it through the night. I slept on the couch and he was in the room.

Because if I didn't have that, I would have responded because I had so much anger built up inside of me. I was like a time bomb just waiting to explode.

Persistent

And I'm still talking, and I'm hoping that they won't wake up.

And I'm trying to get my composure back again so I can think of what I'm going to do when I get back home.

Active Waiting

And so I tried to be as calm and as pleasant throughout the evening as I could. And I wanted to take the kids over to my mother's.

Future Orientation

I broke the pattern of abuse. I believe that by my leaving, with the Lord's help, those chains were severed.

Acceptance of Position

And I was calm the whole time.

And the really neat thing about the situation was that I was calm the whole time.

I didn't respond to any of the hits or any of the things he was doing.

Just the calm and the peace was there.

And I didn't scream or anything.

Sense of External Support

It was just a voice in the back of my mind. I understand now that it was God talking to me. I didn't understand it then.

So then he said, "Okay, let's go to the hospital."

And so we ended up going to the hospital and I got stitched up...

But if I didn't have God, I wouldn't have anyone to talk to. That was my link to keeping the peace.

And the hope that this God, somewhere out there, was going to protect me.

Because I remember saying to God, "Get me through this."

And that was my hope, that this person, this God was going to save me. And that's basically what kept me hoping...

God kept me from drugs, kept me from alcohol, and I've never worked the streets. God saved me from that.

God protected me. Even though I went through so much, what He has come to show me is that He was there through all the abuse. He was there the whole time and He basically kept me.

Concern About Others

My mind's racing, like how do I get those kids out of there.

And in my mind I'm thinking, "Oh God, don't let my kids wake up."

In my mind I was telling myself, I was telling God, "Don't let them wake up. Don't let the kids see this."

Sensed as Empowering, Enabling

I don't think that you can live in an abusive situation without hope, and survive.

Confusion

And the whole thing just didn't make any sense, because there was nothing that had happened previously that I could think of for him to respond that way. We weren't even really arguing at that point.

The whole situation didn't make any sense to me.

Which didn't make any sense to me at the time.

And I'm in the bathroom trying to wash the blood off saying, "No, it's okay, going to be fine. I'll just put a band aid on it."

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

Now I'm a single parent, my oldest is 23. He got married last year, and they're having my first grandchild today. And my daughter is quite outspoken, sometimes too much, but I wouldn't trade her for anything. She's quite a lady, and she's 20. And my youngest is 16. But I haven't have any problems with my kids compared to the statistics for single parents, especially with boys.

And when I look back over the history, my grandmother was the oldest child and she was pregnant when she was married, my mother was the oldest child and she was pregnant when she was married, I was the oldest child and I was pregnant when I got married, my son's the oldest and his wife was NOT pregnant when they got married.

So I look at that as the chains being broken. And the abuse line was broken because I got them out of that situation.

Dave

Dave is a 23 year old currently working in the computer programming field. He doesn't believe that he is a hopeful person, but wrote a story about a friend who lost the use of his legs after an accident:

> In grade 12 I had a friend named Chris. One day in late September, while riding his motorcycle through an intersection, a driver in a pick-up truck ran a red light and ran into Chris. Chris was taken to the hospital by an ambulance. Both his legs were crushed, and the doctors were unsure as to whether or not he would be able to walk again. Things were very rough for the first few months. He had several operations on his legs, but whenever he felt down and in pain, he would remember his girlfriend, Cindy, and would vow that he would walk again. Some of Chris's friends went to the hospital at Christmas time and threw him a party. We bought him a walkman with earphones and some of his favorite music on cassettes. He was very happy that day, and even through his adversity, he believed and hoped that he would walk again. After about six months he had made some progress and was able to move his left leg pretty well, but his right was still mostly unresponsive. The doctors felt that even if Chris did not regain complete use of both his legs, he might be able to get around with the use of a cane for his right leg (which they said he would never recover complete use of). At this time Chris believed that despite what had happened, there was still hope for the future, and that he could make up his year of missed school and go on to have a good life. The summer, however, proved to be hard for him. He was not able to make very much progress in walking, and it looked like he would end up needing a wheelchair for the rest of his life. His girlfriend found this too hard to take, and decided she had a

life too, so they broke up. Chris was depressed for a long time after this, and began to lose hope that he would ever be anything but a burden on society. When he went to finish his grade 12 education the next year, Chris found that he had trouble concentrating, and could only take half a courseload. Even so, his marks were down a lot from before the accident. He began to lose hope for the future since he could not walk and was now having problems in school. Through all his struggles, however, Chris's mother encouraged him, and believed that he would pull through. Without his family, I believe he would never have even tried to succeed in anything. They always had hope that in the end everything would turn out okay. The last I heard, Chris had finished high school and was going to NAIT. He was feeling better and was doing a lot better in his studies. He may never be what he might have been, but his family's hope, as well as his own, would ensure that he would get as much out of life as was possible.

Table 23

Thematic Analysis of Dave's Story

Themes	*Phrases*
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	In grade 12 I had a friend named Chris. He was a regular guy, did well in school, had a girlfriend named Cindy, and a twin brother named John. He also had a motorcycle. One day in late September, while riding his motorcycle through an intersection, a driver in a pick-up truck ran a red light and ran into Chris. Chris was taken to the hospital by an ambulance. Both his legs were crushed, and the doctors were unsure as to whether or not he would be able to walk again.
Active, Takes Control	
	...and so Chris came to the ceremonies in his wheelchair and with Cindy as his grad date.
	When he went to finish his grade 12 education the next year...
Goals	
	...and would vow that he would walk again.
Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments	
	He had several operations on his legs...
	...but his right was still mostly unresponsive.
	Meanwhile, Chris had missed the remainder of the school year, and graduation arrived.
	The summer, however, proved to be hard for him. He was not able to make very much progress in walking...
	His girlfriend found this too hard to take, and decided she had a life too, so they broke up.
	...Chris found that he had trouble concentrating, and could only take half a courseload. Even so, his marks were down a lot from before the accident.
Positive Attitude, Expectations	
	...and even through his adversity, he believed and hoped that he would walk again.
	...and that he could make up his year of missed school and go

on to have a good life.

Realistic

Things were very rough for the first few months.

...and it looked like he would end up needing a wheelchair for the rest of his life.

...He may never be what he might have been...

Sense of Uncertainty

Chris was depressed for a long time after this, and began to lose hope that he would ever be anything but a burden on society.

He began to lose hope for the future since he could not walk and was now having problems in school.

Future Orientation

At this time Chris believed that despite what had happened, there was still hope for the future...

...but his family's hope, as well as his own, would ensure that he would get as much out of life as was possible.

They always had hope that in the end everything would turn out okay.

Sense of External Support

...but whenever he felt down and in pain, he would remember Cindy...

Some of Chris's friends, myself included, went to the hospital at Christmas time and threw him a party. We bought him a walkman with earphones and some of his favorite music on cassettes. He was very happy that day...

Even though he did not officially have enough class credits to officially graduate, the school gave him a graduation certificate...

Through all his struggles, however, Chris's mother encouraged him, and believed that he would pull through.

Without his family, I believe he would never have even tried to succeed in anything.

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

After about six months he had made some progress and was able to move his left leg pretty well...

The doctors felt that even if Chris did not regain complete use of both his legs, he might be able to get around with the use of a cane for his right leg (which they said he would never recover complete use of).

The last I heard, Chris had finished high school and was going to NAIT. He was feeling better and was doing a lot better in his studies.

Simon

Simon is a 25 year old man who was recently married. He has been employed for two years as a chemist, and also works part time as a librarian. Simon describes himself as someone who grew up in a middle class family whose life has been "okay for the most part." He felt that people who rely on God or other people when things go wrong, thereby focusing their hope outside of themselves, would have different ideas about hope. Simon's story describes the difficulty he had with girlfriends until he met his current wife:

> *I've had difficulty with women most of my life, trying to find a nice girlfriend. And I've been stomped on and crunched on numerous occasions. But each time I came back. I kept thinking to myself, "Well, there's someone out there for you." And then I'd meet someone and think that this was the person. And then get squashed again. And that went on for a long, long time. Each time that happened, I was discouraged initially. And then I'd get back on my feet again and continue to look. Because I knew there was someone out there for me. I was fairly optimistic that things would eventually get better at some time in the future. A lot of people were helping me indirectly by telling me that I was a nice guy, people that didn't know all this was going on. If I didn't have that to some extent, it would definitely have slowed me down. And each time something like that happened, I went down a bit. But I thought there was something out there. And I kept looking, kept going, kept trying. Then I met Lucy. And I tested the waters, and it was okay - I didn't get stepped on. And*

eventually I ended up marrying her. I felt vindicated in my belief in myself and my belief that there are decent people out there as well. So it worked out very well.

Simon also talked about his grandmother, who seemed to feel little hope towards the end of her life:

My grandmother died recently. She had a stroke, and she was essentially withering away by degrees. She had no will to do anything. You could say, "Go to the bathroom." Then she'd go to the bathroom and go back and sit down. Or, "Why don't you watch some TV?" Okay, she'll watch some TV, then she'll be bored. But you had to tell her what she wanted to do. And she slowly got worse and worse, and finally she died. I think as soon as you start to think there is no hope, there is no hope. I think as long as you keep the goal or the hope alive, even how small, there's always the possibility it might happen. But if you start going, "Well, it's just a matter of time now", I suspect it feeds back on itself. A negative outlook really would have a lot of effect on the loss of hope. Like if I said, "There's no hope of me ever meeting a girl again", that would be conveyed to all the women I ever met. So it would be self-defeating to adopt that attitude. And if all her visitors were coming in there and thinking, "Well, here's your will. Sign it", it would just build so that there wouldn't be any hope.

Table 24

Thematic Analysis of Simon's Story

Themes	*Phrases*
The Challenge, Context of Hope	
	I've had what can best be described as difficulty with women most of my life...And I've been stomped on and crunched on numerous occasions.
Active, Takes Control	
	And then I'd get back on my feet again and continue to look.
Goals	
	...trying to find a nice girlfriend
Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments	
	And then get squashed again.
	Although the majority of people didn't seem to want this. They wanted something else.
Positive Attitude, Expectations	
	I kept thinking to myself, "Well, there's someone out there for you."
	And then I'd meet someone and think that this was the person.
	Because I knew there was someone out there for me.
	I was fairly optimistic that things would eventually get better...
	But I thought there was something out there.
Lack of Negative Attitude	
	To each their own choice.
Realistic	
	And I was a good worker, I was kind, considerate, the ideal characteristics people are supposed to be looking for.
Sense of Uncertainty	
	Each time that happened, I was discouraged initially.

And each time something like that happened, I went down a bit.

Persistent

But each time I came back.

And I kept looking, kept going, kept trying.

Active Waiting

And that went on for a long, long time.

Future Orientation

...at some time in the future.

Sense of External Support

A lot of people were helping me indirectly by telling me that I was a nice guy, people that didn't know all this was going on. If I didn't have that to some extent, it would definitely have slowed me down.

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

Then I met Lucy. And I tested the waters, and it was okay - I didn't get stepped on. And eventually I ended up marrying her. And I guess it felt really nice to say yes. I felt vindicated in my belief in myself and my belief that there are decent people out there as well. So it worked out very well.

THE EXPERIENCE OF HOPE

The Themes of Hope

Each story describes a unique experience. They are linked together by a number of common themes that form a pattern which can contribute to a better understanding of hope. The purpose of this chapter is to describe the common elements of hope as reflected in the stories, thereby fulfilling the purpose of this research.

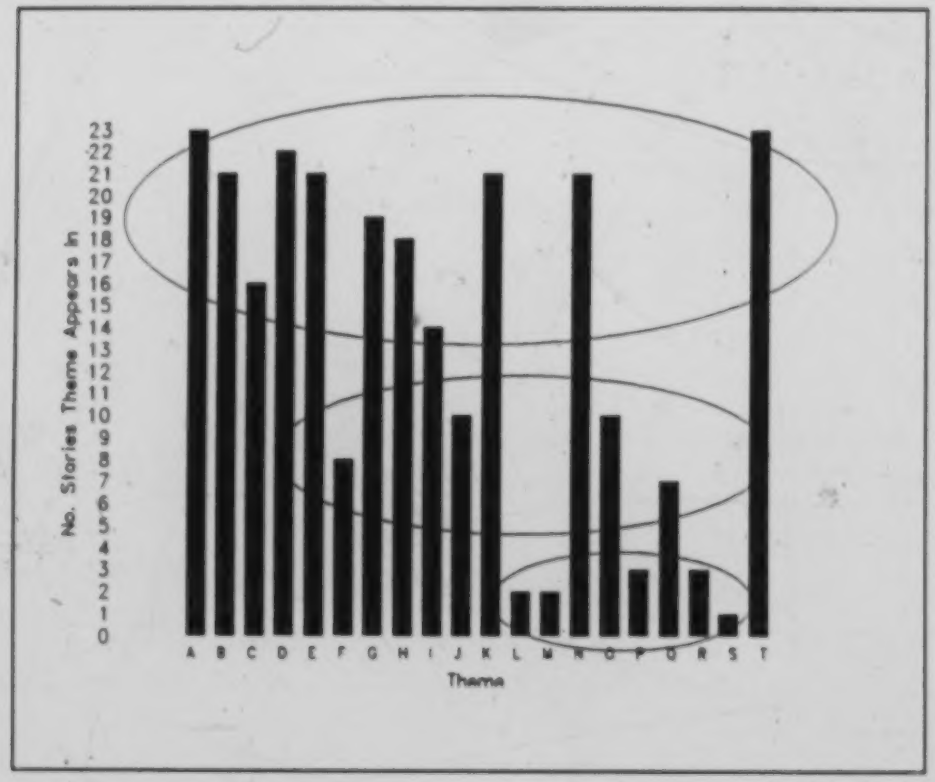
A total of twenty different themes were observed in the stories. Not all of these can be considered characteristic of hope. See Table 25 for a frequency distribution chart, demonstrating the prevalence of each theme. Prevalence of themes seems to fall in three rough categories: eleven themes are present in at least two-thirds of the stories, four themes are present in one-quarter to half of the stories, and five themes are present in less than three stories. Of the middle category, three of the four themes are strongly connected with more saturated themes of hope and one is evidenced, though unspoken, in each story.

Prevalence was the determining factor in deciding whether or not a theme was considered characteristic of hope. Themes in the final category, present in three or less stories, were not considered characteristic of hope.

Themes in the middle category were linked to more prevalent themes to form a more comprehensive category. Table 26 presents the higher order themes with their contributing original themes.

Table 25

Frequency Distribution Chart



A - The Challenge, Context of Hope
B - Active, Takes Control
C - Goals
D - Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments
E - Positive Attitude/ Expectations
F - Lack of Negative Attitude
G - Realistic
H - Sense of Uncertainty
I - Persistent
J - Active Waiting
K - Future Orientation
L - Continuing Process
M - Acceptance of Position
N - Sense of External Support
O - Concern About Others
P - Sense of Right, Fairness
Q - Sensed as Empowering, Enabling
R - Meaning
S - Confusion
T - Reinforcement/ Fulfilment of Hope

Table 26

Higher Order Themes

A. The Challenge, Context of Hope

B. Active, Takes Control

C. Goals

D. Enables Persistence in the Face of Obstacles
Obstacles, Setbacks, Disappointments
Persistent
Sensed as Empowering, Enabling

E. Faith in the Future
Positive Attitude/Expectations
Future Orientation
Active Waiting

F. Lack of Negative Attitude
Avoids Negative Attitude
Lack of Negative Attitude

G. Realistic Sense of Uncertainty
Realistic
Sense of Uncertainty

H. Sense of External Support
Sense of External Support
Concern About Others

I. Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

Table 27

Distribution of Higher Order Themes

Higher Order Theme

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
*2	X	X	/	X	X	X	X	X	X
3	X	X	X		X	/	X		X
4	X	X	X	X	X	/	X	X	X
5	X	X	/	X	X	X	X	X	X
6	X	X	/	X	X	X	X	X	X
7	X	X	X	X	X	/	X	X	X
8	X		X	X	X	/	X	X	X
9	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
10	X	X	X	X	X	/		X	X
11	X	X	X	X	X	/	X	X	X
12	X	X	X	X	X	/	X	X	X
13	X	X	X	X	X	/	X	X	X
14	X	X	/	X	X	/	X	X	X
15	X	X	/	X	X	/	X	X	X
16	X	X	X	X	X	/		X	X
17	X	X	/	X		/	X	X	X
18	X	X	X	X	X	/	X	X	X
19	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
20	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
21	X		/	X	X	X	X	X	X
22	X	X	X	X	X	/	X	X	X
23	X	X	X	X	X	/	X	X	X
24	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X

X - Theme Present / - Theme Implicit
*Note: Side numbers are table numbers of stories

The Challenge, Context of Hope

All stories told have some type of beginning. This is not characteristic of only hope, but narratives in general. What could be considered characteristic of hope is that all the stories involved some type of challenge struggle as the context or topic. One of the people who examined the thematic analysis also noted that "each story began with something going wrong." In some stories, the context of hope was a sudden and dramatic event, such as a hostage taking, the loss of an eye in an accident, an ambush during the war, or sudden paralysis. A review of the literature reveals a belief that hope is enhanced by potentially despair-evoking situations such as these (Marcel, 1963; Miller, 1985; Mills, 1979; Pruyser, 1987; Vaillot, 1970; Woodyard, 1972). In other stories, the context of hope was more general, such as personal growth, problems facing children, or building a better life during the Depression and World War II. The desire for change or improvement, reflected in these stories, is also recognized in the literature as stimulation for hope (Dufault & Martocchio, 1985; Miller & Powers, 1988).

In all the stories collected, the context or topic could be viewed as a challenge or an unfortunate

occurrence. Most focused on a potentially "negative" precipitating event. Several participants and other people consulted during the study, however, expressed the belief that hope is felt in everyday life, as opposed to only in crisis situations. Six people made comments to the effect that "we need it just to get up in the morning." The fact that all stories involved a challenge or struggle suggests that people may find hope easiest to explain in this context. As some people consulted observed, perhaps "we experience hope continually, but only become aware of it in trying circumstances."

Active, Takes Control

Twenty-one stories reflected an orientation towards action and a tendency to take control of situations. That is, the people in the stories did not passively observe events unfold around them, but became actively involved in deciding the outcomes of the challenges with which they were faced. This involved taking action to increase the likelihood of goal attainment (Daniel - I expanded my extra-curricular sports activities and read some military history), taking action to arrange for alternatives when it didn't look as though things would work out as hoped (Justine - Dad would look into other Mexican families that he could place the girls with),

taking action to assess the seriousness of one's situation (John - I knew I had to take the truck out to see if I could drive), and taking action to set the course for living in a changed future (Lena - He took a course in general accounting and applied for a job with the federal government; Olivia - And the next morning he went to work and I grabbed my kids and went to a shelter). In some cases, when it appeared as though little personal control was experienced, action took the form of prayer (Shane, Justine). Previous research has also identified prayer as a form of action (Dufault & Martocchio, 1985). Previous research (Stanley, 1978) and several writers (Downie, 1963; Frank, 1968; Hinds, 1984; Lange, 1978; McGee, 1984; Menninger & Pruyser, 1963) agree that action is a quality of hope.

Two stories did not evidence this propensity towards action. The first (Kevin) dealt with a young child who felt as though he was shuffled between families with little regard for his own wishes in the matter, thus experiencing little control. In another story, however, Kevin illustrates that he is acting in the present to compensate for his own childhood: "I felt inside that I was able to give this kid some childhood." The second (Christine) was about a premature baby who was in

intensive care in the hospital. Other than visiting, the mother may have felt that there was little she could do in this situation, and nothing that the child herself could have done. Interestingly, both of these stories involve young children, possibly reflecting the actual powerlessness of children often evident in our society. Alternatively, perhaps hoping itself was the action in these stories.

Goal Oriented

Goals were directly stated in sixteen stories and obviously implied, though unspoken, in the others. Some goals were specific, such as trying to enter a specific college (Daniel), make it through a situation alive (Olivia), and walk again (Robert, Dave). Other goals were less specific, such as wanting to change people so that they help others (Kevin), function in the world with a disability (John), and build a better life (Louise, Scott). Unspoken goals were present in stories by Justine (adopt children), Michael (survive the ambush, walk again after fall), Lena (live with a disability), and Christine (that her baby lived). In several cases, the existence of goals seemingly served to keep people continually striving and reaching, rather than becoming content with some improvement. For example, Hannah's

implicit goal to become healthy and whole and Scott's goal to build a better life are general enough to serve as motivating forces over an extended time. Goal orientation as a theme of hope is supported by research (Owen, 1989) and writers (Dufrane & Leclair, 1984; Erikson et al, 1975; Stotland, 1969). As proposed by Gustafson (1970), the goals in these stories reflect a belief in the possibility of change and growth: "You can make it change" (Michael), and "If something is not perfect to me, I can change it" (Kevin).

Enables Persistence in the Face of Obstacles

Stories demonstrated seemingly endless persistence despite obstacles, setbacks, and disappointments. These obstacles can be described as events or feelings which story tellers suggested stood in the way of the fulfilment of their hope. They included non-supportive doctors (Robert), feelings of helplessness (Hannah, Daniel), feeling left out (Kevin), statements explaining why the context was a struggle (Michael, Shane, Olivia) and events compounding the original challenge (Louise, Christine, Dave). Despite many obstacles, people in the stories exemplified persistence with statements such as, "I kept looking, kept going, kept trying..." (Simon), "And then I persisted in walking, trying to walk..."

(Michael), "It was very, very hard....But I stayed with it" (Scott), and "If you just keep going, continue plodding on and on" (Justine). The presence of obstacles in the stories adds credence to the struggling aspect of the context of hope supported in the literature. Persistence in the face of these obstacles has been recognized as a characteristic of hope by other writers (Korner, 1970; Menninger, 1959; Miller, 1985; Vaillot, 1970).

Six of the participants actually labelled hope as empowering and enabling, crediting it with fulfilment of hope and emotional support during the process of meeting the challenge with comments such as, "It got us through, as far as emotionally" (Justine), "Hope gives you energy to make sure that the future is going to be bright" (Louise), and "Hope is the one thing that's kept me going" (Michael). Statements like these were generally made when participants continued talking after story telling rather than during the stories themselves. Perhaps this perception of hope as enabling would emerge more strongly as an independent theme if participants had been encouraged to discuss hope after telling their stories. Such statements were never made in written stories where there was no continued dialogue after

cessation of the story.

One story did not demonstrate persistence in the face of obstacles (Daniel), as no obstacles were identified by the participant in this factual, to-the-point story.

Faith in the Future

Three themes appearing in the stories seem to be intertwined and overlapping. Many statements supporting the themes of positive outlook/expectations, future orientation, and active waiting seem to reflect all three of these themes: "I needed to be there, at its base, and be aware of the opportunities life offered, because there would be one that would help me get over the rock" (Hannah), "If I keep hoping people can change and that I can make a difference, then my hope of all the children being happy can come true" (Kevin), and "Hope is a faith that the future holds a promise for better things to come" (Louise). Statements such as these suggest that these three themes should be considered together. One of the people who examined the thematic analysis also noted that some phrases exemplifying these themes were interchangeable. This was not viewed as a weakness in the categorical definition, but as a sign that these ideas were inextricably linked in the hope experience.

The people in the stories faithfully waited for their hope to be fulfilled in the future, which required the presence of a positive outlook. While these themes will be discussed separately, their interdependency warrants combining them into a more comprehensive category.

The future oriented nature of hope has been identified by both writers and researchers (Dufault & Martocchio, 1985; Dufrane & Leclair, 1984; Hinds, 1984; Owen, 1989; Staats, 1986; Stanley, 1978). Statements exemplifying the future oriented nature of the theme include: "I would hope it would come" (Hannah), "Hope is something you have presently and will continue to have" (Justine), "I hope that someday" (Kevin), "When I have children" (Kevin), "He woke up hoping that the future would be bright" (Louise), and "The future looked good" (Christine).

Statements exemplifying the existence of a positive outlook and a tendency to see things to be grateful for include: "The accident could have been much, much worse, and I was thankful to God that it wasn't worse" (John), "You're still alive" (Michael), "I was lucky to be alive" (Robert), and "I've always felt very positive" (Christine). Research supports the inclusion of the positive attitude in the description of hope (Dufault &

Martocchio, 1985; Hinds, 1984; Korner, 1970; Obayuwana & Carter, 1982).

A sense of active waiting, explicitly present in nine stories, was illustrated with comments such as: "I would be there waiting for it to happen" (Hannah), "Time was beginning to weigh heavily on her" (Justine), "We were still waiting for something better" (Scott), "I'm waiting for a kidney transplant" (Christine), "I tried to be calm throughout the evening, and I wanted to take the kids over to my mother's" (Olivia), and "That went on for a long time" (Simon). Though not explicitly appearing in enough stories to be considered an independent theme, other writers describe hope as a state of active, yet patient, waiting (Marcel, 1967; Moltmann, 1965; Putnam, 1967).

Lack of Negative Attitude

The lack of a negative attitude in the stories was both explicit and implicit. Explicitly, there was evidence of both a lack of and an avoidance of a negative attitude: "...refusing to think that" (Justine), "At no point did I think it's not going to happen" (Justine), "I was concentrating on trying to get better, and not thinking too much about consequences" (John), "I just refused to accept their judgments that I wouldn't walk

again" (Robert), "But I wasn't upset, I didn't cry" (Christine), and "But I tried not to let it get me down too much" (Christine). Some people made statements illustrating the lack of a negative attitude while others stated directly that they purposely tried to avoid thinking negative thoughts. These types of statements, signifying the lack of a negative attitude, were present in eight of the stories. For this theme, the total absence of proof of a negative attitude seems equally important. There was a complete lack of statements signifying a negative attitude in all stories. For example, in none of the stories did participants use phrases such as, "I wondered why it had to be me", or "I always assumed it wouldn't turn out in the end." The complete lack of statements indicative of a "poor me" attitude or pessimism seems to imply the lack of a negative attitude in all the stories, not only those which explicitly deny it. The non-existence of a negative attitude as a hope theme is logical since the overwhelming presence of a positive attitude implies the non-existence of the opposite.

Realistic Sense of Uncertainty

Writers have recognized realism as an important aspect of hope (Dufault & Martocchio, 1985; Korner, 1970;

Putnam, 1967; Wright, 1983). Hope was also found to be realistic in this study. Even the participant whose statements reflected some idealism and hoping for perfection recognized that this was not realistic: "In reality, I'm expecting too much" (Kevin). This grounding in reality served to protect participants from hoping for too much: "There was an awareness that it might not happen" (Hannah), "Everyone knew that he might not come home" (Justine), "As soon as I was hit, I knew it was a serious accident" (John), and "There was a part that said I might have to live with what they said" (Robert).

Perhaps as a result of this realistic aspect of hope, participants expressed some uncertainty about their hopes for the future: "I began to doubt success" (Daniel), "When we didn't think it was going to turn out" (Justine), "I'm hesitant about Third World countries" (Kevin), "I began wondering whether I was going to be able to cope in the world" (John), "Maybe I would wind up in a wheel chair the rest of my life" (Robert), and "It's a real roller coaster" (Christine). Attending to reality also served to encourage the hope of some: "I'm hopeful for children in countries where there is contact between organizations and families" (Kevin), "I'm inside these fences so I'll learn to live and grow" (Shane), "They

were always coming out with new technology" (Robert), and "I had the characteristics people are supposed to be looking for" (Simon). Paradoxically, being realistic resulted in both feelings of uncertainty and encouragement. Uncertainty as an aspect of hope was also identified by Dufault and Martocchio's (1985) research.

Some have criticized hope for encouraging distance from reality and using energy that could be better spent on coping with the challenge (Duncan & Rodney, 1978; Tomko, 1985). Participants, however, appeared to recognize the challenge as such and acknowledged that there were difficulties associated with it: "It was painful" (Hannah), "With some problems, but he manages quite well" (Louise), "That leg is very weak, and so is the hip" (Michael), "It's been a struggle for them" (Lena), "For either decision there was a consequence" (Olivia), "Things were very rough for the first few months" (Dave), and "He may never be what he might have been" (Dave). There was no evidence that hope encouraged this proposed distance from reality. Thus, being realistic is characteristic of hoping, resulting in a recognition of the challenge as such, a sense of uncertainty when information is not congruent with hope, and a sense of encouragement when reality supports hope.

Sense of External Support

Those who have written about hope point to a spiritual aspect, which some describe as a belief in God or some benevolent being (Genovesi, 1982; Marcel, 1967; McEniry, 1985; Putnam, 1967; Pruyser, 1987), and others describe as a feeling of outside support (Lynch, 1965; Vaillot, 1970).

During the beginning stages of analysis this theme was divided into two parts, reflecting a sense of support from and reliance on both God and other people. It quickly became evident that neither of these themes would reach saturation independently. Some people said they received support from friends and family, others from prayer and God, and some from both. The religious affiliation of the story teller did not appear to affect this. One atheist recalled asking for God's help, and several Christians did not label their spirituality as supportive during the challenge. These themes were therefore combined into a more comprehensive theme of experiencing external support.

A sense of external support as a theme of hope is evident in twenty-one stories. It was credited with endurance and persistence. For some people, this theme involved support from God: "I remember saying God help

me, and I don't believe in God" (Hannah), "She shared her worries with God. It made her feel better, not quite so alone" (Justine), "When things got tough, I prayed" (Justine), "I was thankful to God that it wasn't worse" (John), "I could feel the presence of the Lord or God or something. It was a spiritual presence. It was so strong" (Shane), "If I didn't have God, I wouldn't have anyone to talk to" (Olivia), and "God protected me. He was there through all the abuse. He was there the whole time and He basically kept me" (Olivia).

Support from other people was also recognized, including that by friends, family, and professionals who would be able to help: "Someone else proved to hold the key" (Daniel), "All along there were people that helped in amazing ways" (Justine), "My daughter picked me up at the hospital" (John), "A friend offered him a job" (Louise), "The healing powers and the medical knowledge that doctors have" (Louise), "My wife is there and she's doing everything she can" (Michael), "He let us know that he needed hand controls and we had seen that he got them" (Lena), "I talked to the social worker about it" (Christine), "Chris's mother encouraged him" (Dave), and "A lot of people were helping me indirectly" (Simon).

In some stories, moving on was seen as impossible

without external help: "There was a knowledge that what I needed had to come from outside of me" (Hannah), "The blind girl walked clear across the parking lot just listening to his voice, and brought his wheel chair back to him" (Lena), "When people really go into despair, someone or something has to intervene or they're history" (Shane), and "Without his family, I believe he would never have even tried to succeed in anything" (Dave).

Two stories did not demonstrate a sense of external support. In the first (Daniel), the goal was straight forward and he took the necessary steps, with no apparent obstacles, to attain his goal. In the second (Louise), the fictional character was an ex-convict who experienced difficulty with the people around him. In the original play, people around him were often seen as hindering and dangerous as opposed to supportive. His daughter, from whom he could have felt support, was unaware of his troubling past.

Linked to a sense of external support appears to be a concern for others, found in ten stories. Writers point out that those who hope reach out to other people (Lynch, 1965; Marcel, 1963; Stanley, 1978; Vaillot, 1970). This concern for the welfare of others is illustrated in statements such as: "I wish that kids

didn't have to be involved in war" (Kevin), "I volunteered to help do something for the people here" (Michael), "He always looked after the ones from rehab" (Lena), "There's people out here that need help, need us to reach out" (Shane), "You can't help but be happy for them" (Christine), and "In my mind I'm thinking - Don't let them wake up. Don't let the kids see this" (Olivia).

Reinforcement/Fulfilment of Hope

All stories ended with describing the fulfilment or partial fulfilment of hope. Endings are characteristic of stories in general, however, and not hope in particular. What makes the endings to these stories interesting is that they are all positive, regardless of whether the hope was met or not, or whether or not the challenge still existed, as in the case of disabilities and disease. This was also noticed by one of the people who examined the thematic analysis. The tendency to end stories on this positive note is consistent with the positive attitude characteristic of hope.

Fulfilment took the form of goal attainment (Daniel, Scott) and meeting challenges and continuing on (John, Lena, Dave, Olivia). In one story, hope was not met in the desired way, but the person still found a way to end the story positively through "vicarious fulfilment"

(Christine): "But I didn't end up getting the kidney and the other people did and did very, very well. I've since seen them and they've done so good and you can't help but be happy for them." In addition to actual fulfilment of hope, statements were made in some of the stories indicating that hope had been reinforced during the experience (Justine, Lena, Dave, Simon). Thus, not only did all the stories have endings, which is typical of narratives, but all the endings were in some way positive, indicating how hope had been fulfilled.

A Final Story of Hope

The most interesting part of this research was the stories themselves. Somehow, they succeed in conveying what explanation cannot. Rather than summarizing the discussion of results with a final description of hope, a story seemed potentially more effective. Understanding the nature of hope, it is possible to construct stories that exemplify it.

> There was a university student searching for an idea interesting enough to ponder for one year as a thesis topic. She had many ideas, but lost interest in one after another very quickly. Then she thought of something and went to talk to a professor about it. The professor had a name for the idea, and the searcher began to read about it. And she saw that it was interesting. But she noticed that for such an interesting idea, there weren't many books about it. So she decided that she would have to do something about that. She

would think and write about this idea in a new way, so that when she was done, her work could help other searchers. She noticed that many of the people who wrote about this idea had a hard time explaining what they meant. And she decided that she would try to help them by explaining this idea very thoroughly. The searcher knew that this would be difficult. Sometimes she wondered whether it would be possible to explain such a complex idea. She knew that other people would have to help her. She began to search for people who could tell her more about this idea and help her explain it to others. She called these people storytellers. After hearing some stories about the idea, she was very excited about how much her storytellers had been able to tell her. They were obviously very wise people. The searcher wanted to make sure that she was taught by all kinds of storytellers, so she looked in many places and talked to people from many different paths. She saw that the storytellers had much to teach, and wondered how to write about such an idea that inspired people to tell these powerful stories. She knew it would be difficult. But she pushed this thought out of her mind and kept trying to understand what the storytellers were trying to show her. It seemed as though they were all trying to tell her the same things. She just had to wait until she could figure it all out. At times during this search, she became very tired. Sometimes it didn't seem as though she would ever finish. She began to rely on the strength of the storytellers. They seemed to empower her and enable her to keep going. So she talked to storyteller after storyteller, and tried to learn all she could from each one. She knew that if these people kept sharing their stories, she would eventually understand what they were trying to tell her about the idea. So she kept trying, and waited for understanding. She understood what each was saying alone, but wanted to know what the storytellers were saying together. The searcher was very persistent, and listened to the stories many times over. Finally, she thought she was starting to see what they were saying. She was beginning to understand the idea. But still she wasn't sure. So she asked some other people to listen to the storytellers and see if they heard

the same messages. And they did. The searcher was very excited and began to write about the idea. The storytellers had done such a good job of explaining the idea to her that it didn't seem very hard. She felt that if she used the storytellers' words, she would be able to tell people about the idea in a way that they would understand it too. So she worked hard and wrote everything down. When she was done, she knew that the storytellers had given her a great gift. She searched for them because she wanted them to teach her about an idea. What she didn't know at the time was that the storytellers had taught her about people, and strength, and endurance, and caring, and helping, and trust, and respect...and hope. It had been a tiring journey, but it was worthwhile. After resting a while, she chose from among the paths before her and began a new journey...

Experiencing "No Hope"

When attempting to understand what the presence of some phenomenon entails, it is helpful to consider what it does not involve. Analyzing the "no hope" stories proves useful in this regard. Upon reading the "no hope" stories (Louise, Shane, Christine, Simon), one is immediately struck by the difference between them and the stories of hope. The dramatic difference between them becomes evidence that the description of hope obtained from the stories is indeed characteristic of hope, as opposed to narratives in general. These two sets of data are both narrative in nature, but these stories of "no hope" lack most of the themes of hope and demonstrate different themes.

The aspect of a challenge or unfortunate occurrence is present in hope and "no hope" stories alike. In the hope stories, however, this challenge was responded to and became an opportunity for growth. In the "no hope" stories, the challenge was apparently deemed insurmountable. The same pattern was observed with further obstacles. Though challenges and obstacles existed in both sets of stories, people's perceptions of them differed. Faced with the challenge, people in "no hope" stories stopped caring and gave up: "Her body physically gave out" (Louise), "I think that is the ultimate of hopelessness, where you just don't care anymore" (Shane), "Giving up, not trying anymore" (Shane), and "She had given up everything" (Christine). This tendency to give up is contrary to the air of persistence in hope stories.

There is no sense of being active or taking control in the "no hope" stories. In fact, Shane even stressed that when he had totally lost hope, he felt as though he had lost control over his life. A lack of action was demonstrated when Shane stopped eating, Christine's grandmother stopped engaging in the activities she enjoyed before her stroke, and Simon's grandmother seemed to lose all personal will and interest in doing things.

Pessimism and a negative outlook is rampant in the "no hope" stories, as stated directly by Simon, and illustrated by such statements as: "The future looked very bleak to her" (Louise), "I couldn't see a future because everything looked hopeless" (Shane), "She couldn't see how anything had improved" (Christine), "The future was very gloomy" (Christine). In these stories, there was no sense that things could get better in time, no tendency to hope for a better future.

The characters in the "no hope" stories did not appear to have a sense of external support and denied those who tried to help (Christine, Simon). Shane points to the importance of external help with this statement: "When you are in despair, and despair is truly a hopeless thing, unless someone or something intervenes, you're history."

As is characteristic of narratives, the "no hope" stories have endings. Contrary to the hope stories, however, these endings were negative in nature and usually involved death. This is consistent with the generally negative tone of these stories.

The experience of having no hope was perhaps best described by Shane: "It's like taking a healthy piece of meat, putting it on the counter, and watching it turn

rotten and then become worm-infested and go through changes to where it becomes a dried up, shrivelled up piece of nothing, to where it's absolutely nothing."

Implications for Research and Counselling

This research speaks for the power and usefulness of the narrative method as a qualitative research technique. Asking people to tell stories of hope invited them to include the aspects of the experience that were important to them. Allowing them to uninterruptedly tell their stories ensured that the data was theirs alone and not the result of leading questions. This is in marked contrast to interview techniques where interviews can often go where the researcher leads. Narratives provide both interesting and useful data, and will hopefully be used in more research in the future.

The use of narratives in individual and family therapy is being increasingly recognized as a powerful and effective technique (Keim et al, 1987; Robertson, 1990; Tietze & Stein, 1988; Viney, 1990; Wilson, 1985). Books containing therapeutic stories have been written. The effectiveness of actually constructing narratives or reconstructing life stories in therapy has been recognized (Andolfi & Angelo, 1988; Keim, 1987; Timms, 1986; Wilson, 1985). Having described the common themes

of hope, it becomes possible to purposely construct stories which exemplify hope. Stories such as these have the potential to transmit messages that transcend the spoken word. Knowledge of the themes of hope can also aid therapists in helping clients construct their own biographical narratives, gently moving them in a positive, hopeful direction. The therapeutic nature of story telling was noted by several participants in this study who indicated that they had in some way benefitted from telling their stories.

Mental health professionals have expressed concern that hope is actually a form of denial. The finding that hope is grounded in reality will hopefully put to rest beliefs that hope is a negative experience that encourages distance from reality and dreaming of the impossible. Instead, may these critics of hope recognize its power and importance to those who experience it, and its enabling and empowering qualities.

This study explored the experience of hope from a psychological perspective. Much of the literature on hope discusses it as a theological virtue. Although no particular theological themes emerged in this study, perhaps a different approach would yield more information about the this aspect of hope. Further research could be

done in this area.

Hauerwas (1981) believes that virtues are rooted in history and thus tied to relationships with the community. This seems related to the effectiveness of support groups. Further research could attempt to make use of collective dialogue between participants, asking them to create a story as a group.

Limitations of Study

One obvious limitation of this study is its racial bias, despite attempts to vary race. Only one participant was of a different race. The themes of her story were similar to those of other stories. Participants were included who had spent significant time throughout North America and Europe, and themes from their stories were no different from those of other stories. Still, it is unknown how the experience of hope is different in other countries, especially those outside of the Western world.

Although attempts were made to vary the religions of participants, a review of Table 1 reveals that much more variation was possible. For example, no participants were Jewish, Roman Catholic, or Muslim. Some, however, did indicate that they were formerly Roman Catholic. The lack of religious variation may partly be a function of

little racial variation, as different races often have different religions.

A third limitation of this research is that no children were among the participants, making this a study of adults. To conduct this research with children of different ages might provide insight on the development of hope and the possibly differing nature of hope at different ages. Additionally, although the ages of adults involved ranged from 23 to 83, no people between the ages of 50 and 75 participated. This could be regarded as another age-related limitation.

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Appendix A

Participant Information Form

Name: _____

Age: _____

Sex: _____

Country of Birth: _____

Religion: _____

Appendix B

Informed Consent Form

University of Alberta
Faculty of Graduate Studies
Department of Educational Psychology

Project Title: Toward a Description of Hope
Investigator: Marlis Kozak-Krueger
Supervisor: Dr. Ronna Jevne

During this research, I will be trying to understand hope by listening to people's stories about it. I will ask you to tell a story of hope. If you have any problems getting started, I have some guidelines you can follow. If you would like, you can tell more than one story. This should take less than one hour of your time. I would like to tape record your story so that I can type it out later, but I will change any names you use. I will erase the tapes when this study is finished, in the spring of 1991. I may use quotes when I write up the results of this research, but I will use false names to protect your identity. Thank you for your help.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT I,_____,
hereby agree to participate in this research project.

I understand that there will be no health risks to me resulting from my participation in the research.

I give permission to be interviewed and for these interviews to be tape-recorded. I understand that once this research is completed, the tapes will be erased. I understand that the information may be published, but my name will not be associated with the research.

I understand that I am free to not answer any specific questions on the Participant Information Form. I also understand that I am free to withdraw my consent and terminate my participation at any time.

I have been given the opportunity to ask any questions

I have, and all questions were answered to my satisfaction.

_____ _____

Participant *Researcher*

_____

Date

Appendix C

Story Guidelines

Imagine that you have been sent to a place to tell people about hope. The problem is that they don't understand explanations. The people understand only stories. They can understand stories about:

a) a person,

b) a special time in your life,

c) a decision you made,

d) a book you read,

e) a struggle you have had.

Tell a story of hope based on one of these.